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FEATURE
STORY

THE TRICK OF THE
GREAT YEN HOW
by WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

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Announcement

UR readers will notice a decided improvement in the appearance and contents of "Mystery Magazine." From this number onward we intend to issue only the very best material that money can buy. There will be nothing dull and stolid, nothing of low morality, nothing frivolous in its make-up. Our aim is to make it a strong, vigorous, virile and intensely interesting periodical. It will be filled with lively, clean, wholesome stories, sketches and articles, by top-notch writers. Every red-blooded American likes good, swiftly-moving dramatic stories, and they are the kind we intend to give you.

Fascinating detective, mystery and occult novelties will be featured in each issue. The names of their authors are a synonym of their splendid quality, and the greatest care is being taken to select only those that are sure to please the most exacting readers. They are stories that you can recommend to your friends. We intend to invest this magazine with a character that will make it a welcome arrival in every household. When you glance over this copy you would oblige us by recommending it to all your acquaintances. If any of our patrons can see any room for improvement, we would welcome any criticisms or suggestions, as we are particularly anxious to please everybody who reads "Mystery Magazine." Our next number will contain a powerful feature story, by Fred F. Shuey, entitled "At Moriarity's," besides several short stories by prominent authors. Mr. O. W. Simons has written a series of weird mystery stories to begin in No. 97. They will be continued through several issues, and there will be an unusually interesting collection of short articles. Watch this page in every number for announcements of the good things we are preparing for your entertainment.

THE EDITOR.



THE TRICK OF THE GREAT YEN HOW

by

William Hamilton Osborne

"You can fool all the people some of the time."—A. LINCOLN.

WHEN Harry Waring stumbled up the steps of the Mandarin chop-suey joint on Market street for the last time in his life, he was barely twenty-five years old, and yet his nerve was gone, and so were his nerves—almost. His hands shook, his lips twitched. He peered through the narrow folding doors before he entered. He pulled himself together with a supreme effort. Then he pushed his way into the main dining-room, glanced about him casually to note that a bare half-dozen customers were scattered among the multitude of pearl-and-ivory-inlaid tables, and then steered straight for the cashier's desk. The man behind the wicket greeted Harry Waring with unwonted deference of manner—unwonted because another would have seen in Harry Waring naught save an unkempt, blear-eyed panhandler. The man behind the wicket was Woy.

"Woy," said Harry Waring, talking plain English instead of Chinese baby-talk, "where's the boss? I've got to see the boss."

The Chinaman bobbed his head, slipped around from behind his desk, and padded his noiseless way across the restaurant and toward the kitchen. In another instant he padded his soft way back again.

"Willie ere damn quick," he said, then subsided once more into his accustomed place.

The kitchen door swung slowly open, and another Chinaman appeared. Woy wore a queue; this Chinaman did not. He affected what are called, with reference to all Orientals, European clothes. He was dressed like the American business man. He was tall for a Chinaman, taller even than was Harry Waring. He was gaunt, loose-jointed. His gait had in it the merest trace of the Chinese slouch. And yet of the two, this man was the more distinctively Chinese; about him clung the savor of the Orient. His face was long, a bit severe; ascetic one might say. And in his eyes, as he glanced at Harry Waring, shone the inscrutable mysticism of the East.

This man was Willie Lee, the owner of the Mandarin.

Even as Woy had done, this man bowed deferentially to Waring. He gave no hint that he had observed the other's plight. He glanced, not at Waring's stained and slovenly attire, not at his nervous hands, not at his twitching lips. He held his glance upon the appealing eyes of Harry Waring.

For an instant Waring was shaken with a spasm of coughing; it was the opium cough. Willie Lee knew it for the thing it was.

"Willie," gasped Waring, "I want you to stake me to a couple of dollars. This'll be the last time, the very last. I promise. Next time I come here I'll pay you up in full." Willie Lee said nothing—merely held the eyes of Waring with that hypnotic glance of his.

Hypnotic is the word. Willie Lee was no mesmerist, and yet hypnotic is the word. All America agreed upon that term later just as they drew long breaths—long soulful sighs—and used the terms just used above: "inscrutable," "Oriental mysticism" and the like. Willie Lee said nothing, and Waring went on. But his eyes wavered and his glance fell as he continued.

"The last time, Willie," he pleaded; "I'll never ask again."

Willie Lee turned and glided to the cashier's desk. He held up two fingers. Woy produced two bills. Willie glided back to the waiting Waring, and with a swift, almost unseen, movement of his wrist thrust the bills into the side pocket of Harry Waring's coat. His other hand clutched Harry Waring's arm as in a vise.

"You come," he said. He led Waring into an inner room—a more secluded nook. Here there were but six tables inlaid with supermother-of-pearl. This room was intended for the elite, or possibly for women guests. Willie Lee touched a button, and gave an order to a waiter. Inside of three minutes the waiter filled the order; he set before Harry Waring a bowl of steaming soup.

Harry Waring shook his head. His host thrust his fingers sharply into Harry's arm.

"You eat," he commanded; "eat it—eat."

Harry Waring complied, but only under compulsion. He did not realize that he was having the best in the house; that one whole chicken had been boiled down to make a bowl of soup like this. Its strength assaulted him, almost gagged him for an instant. He didn't want the soup, but he took it like a man. Willie Lee was his friend and had lent him many dollars. He obeyed Willie Lee to the letter. At last he rose.

Lee rose with him, and stood aside, still deferentially.

"Where you go?" he queried, searching Harry's face.

Harry gulped, once more averting his eyes from that quizzical glance.

"Home—sleep," he muttered; "sleep; God knows I need it."

He turned, shook hands with Willie Lee, and left. Willie, now alone, moved swiftly to the wall and pushed another button—a button high above his head and almost out of reach. A curtain swung aside and another Chinaman appeared—a man with a clever, cunning face. He wore an overcoat and a

slouch hat. He stood just within the curtains, waiting orders.

"You follow him," said Willie Lee; "take good look—see. Come back soon; tell me."

Willie Lee was the mayor of Chinatown, if in fact this overgrown city in New Jersey could be said to have a Chinatown. And at one o'clock a. m. he glided swiftly down an alley in the lower part of town, tapped at a door, thrust it open the instant that the bolts were drawn, and stalked, as of right, into the dimly lighted passageway. In his low, almost inarticulate sing-song tones he held converse with the guardian of the door. Then, with the unerring footsteps of one who knew the place, he ducked through the reeds of a bamboo curtain and entered a small ill-smelling room.

"Faugh," said Willie Lee to himself, the expression being just as Oriental as it is good English, for it is a spasm, not a word. He peered into the corners of the room. In one corner a man lay supine, half sprawled across a table. Willie Lee pounced noiselessly upon him and drew him to an upright posture. The man stiffened, stared wildly with his eyes.

"It's Willie Lee," said Willie softly; "you know me. You all right." He drew forth a small thermos bottle filled with steaming coffee steeped in brandy.

"You drink this," he commanded, thrusting long fingers into Waring's arm; "you drink; drink it; drink."

Waring drank. He staggered to his feet. "What—what—where?" he demanded.

Willie Lee for the moment did not answer. A small phial lay upon the table. He picked it up; he noted the red label that it bore. With his lean fingers he started in to twist the cork. Waring pounced upon him.

"Don't do that, Lee," he warned; "by God, it's death."

Willie unbuttoned his overcoat and thrust the phial into the innermost recesses of his clothes. He nodded slowly.

"I knew," he said. "You tell me—face, eyes, everything." He spoke fair English, this Chinese, and yet the tang, the flavor of his native tongue was there, particularly a curious affinity for the letter N. His was a throaty Oriental accent that cannot be reproduced in print. It was his almost perfect English—combined with that throaty Oriental accent, a sort of laryngeal bunker as it were—that stood him later in good stead. He went on, clutching Waring's arm with that tight grip of his long fingers.

"Hari kiri—you?" he exclaimed.

Harry smiled feebly in spite of himself. "You don't want me to act the lead in my play; is that it, Lee? What is there left? Where do we go? What do we do?"

"Come," urged Willie Lee, drawing Waring after him into the passageway; "we go your house, we read play. You read great play to me."

Ten minutes later, after a blundering, staggering series of lurches through the deserted city streets, this strangely assorted pair reached Harry Waring's "house." His house consisted of a single room in a lodging-house—dingy, but respectable. Before he unlocked his door Harry fumbled in the depths of an improvised letter-box that hung against its lintel. He drew forth some half-dozen slender white envelopes. He drew breath sharply.

"Lee," he cried, "there may be luck in these; who knows?"

Then, clutching them in his hand, he lurched heavily against the door and unlocked it. Lee struck a match and lit the gas. Harry sank upon the bed and tore at the slender envelopes with nervous fingers; hope glittered in his eyes. Finally he flung the last envelope and its contents on the floor and dropped his head into his hands.

"Rejections—all of them; all of them, Lee. I sent fifty of them out—fifty, do you hear? Fifty poems—poetry, not verse. Not doggerel—poetry, I tell you. They don't know it; they can't tell it when they see it. I can't get a hearing. I'm done."

He leaped to his feet and wiped his shoes upon the mass of papers on the floor. Willie Lee, with a smothered snarl, sprang upon the boy—for, despite his years, he still was a boy—and grappled with him, drawing him clear from the destruction he was bent upon.

"You damned Chinaman," cried Waring, gritting his teeth, "you give me back that phial; give me back that phial; give me back that phial; give me—ar-g-g-gh."

He succumbed. The strong yellow fingers of Willie Lee had sunk deep into his throat. It was the only way, for Waring's strength had been the strength of frenzy. Willie Lee lay him gently on the bed and poured more brandy and hot coffee down his throat. Then he stooped and picked up the scattered enclosures and their wrappers and laid them on the washstand.

Waring revived. "I—I didn't mean that—that—'damned Chinaman,'" he gasped.

"You all right," said Lee, tapping him

gently on the shoulder. Waring struggled to a sitting posture.

"But what am I going to do, Lee?" he demanded. "I'm a poet; I'm a playwright. I know it—see. That's all I can do; I can't do anything else. And they won't give me a look in; I can't get a chance. I don't want to hit the pipe. I want a chance. I've got the goods, and they don't know it—see?"

"I know it," returned Willie Lee solemnly, placing a yellow hand upon the litter of paper; "it is good—velny, velny good. 'N I know you. You also good, velny, velny good."

"Good for nothing," returned Waring remorsefully, "and I can never pay you back." He stared stupidly at his companion. "Why the devil did you trust me, Lee?" he demanded; "what the devil did you let me have money for?"

"'Ncause," answered Lee with that throaty accent, "your fath-er great 'Nmerican mandarin; your fath-er save my fath-er, Tien-tsin. 'Ncause your fath-er great 'Nmerican lawyer. 'Ncause you great son to your fath-er; 'nat's why; I know."

Harry Waring sighed. His father—all his brief career he had lived on the glory reflected from his father, a modest glory as it was. His father at a critical period had been American consul at Tien-tsin. During the Boxer troubles, in a local riot, he had housed the faithful and saved many lives at the imminent peril of his own. Retired, he had come back to his Jersey home to practice law. He got his living, not from his friends, not from his countrymen, but from Chinamen. For Chinese, and Chinese only, he defended and brought suits; he appeared for alleged smugglers, gamblers, keepers of alleged opium dens. He was fair and just; he aided the innocent, many times without pay, and declined to accept rich and tempting fees from the obviously guilty. He raised the tone of Chinese business—the tone of the Chinese quarter in his city. And Willie Lee, the mayor of Chinatown, was his staunchest friend. And then Justin Waring died, leaving behind him the slender youth with the wistful eyes, who had lived with him in the Orient, who had come back with him, tinged with the mystery of the East—a poet, a dreamer, a—nothing, as it were.

Harry Waring staggered to his feet and lurched toward his Chinese friend. "You're a damn good——" He stopped. He stared. "W-what are you doing, Lee?" he cried, a bit

aghast. For Lee was doing something horribly familiar. He was sitting on one end of a trunk. Laid out before him was an opium outfit; he was mixing opium for the pipe.

"I know," he crooned softly as he blew away. "We make night of it, you—me. You hit pipe 'n read. I 'nlisten. You read poultry; you read hari-kiri play. I 'nlisten. We make night."

He passed the pipe, now glowing, to his friend. Waring seized it with avidity. Lee squatted on the floor, Oriental fashion.

"'Nyou read," he commanded. Harry opened the trunk, rummaged in it, and brought out his play. "'Nme listen," said Lee, resting his head against the bed, waiting with visible impatience.

He was no fool, this Willie Lee. He knew what he was doing; there was method in his madness. The opium—a moderate quantum—was his necessary aid. He was replacing discouragement with encouragement; he was putting life into Waring, reviving his soul. And hour after hour he listened, a slumbering fire in his eyes, a deep glow that thrilled correspondingly to the rhythm and the meter of Harry Waring's lines.

At last he jumped to his feet. "'Ney won't buy," he cried, with conviction in his sing-song tones; "'nen I buy; I buy all, 'neverything. I buy all."

He drew forth from his trousers pockets a huge roll of bills—bills that reeked with ten thousand Chinese odors. He counted out a thousand dollars. "I buy—'neverything," he repeated, pointing to the manuscripts within the trunk and on the washstand. He thrust the money into Harry's hands, forced it on him. Harry uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"Why, you're a damn fool, Lee," he cried; "nobody wants the stuff; nobody reads poetry; you can't sell it; you can't get your money back; it's no good, I tell you—you—your Chinese jay."

Lee gave no sign. He merely gathered from the trunk and from the washstand all the manuscripts in sight, selected a stray piece of wrapping paper, shook them into some semblance of order, and coolly wrapped them up. Lee watched him in stupefied silence.

"Here," he cried at length; "here's the play; you've forgotten 'Hari-kiri,' Willie Lee."

Willie Lee pushed the play back into Waring's hands. "You keep 'Hari-kiri,'" he

returned. "'Nhim's yours; all 'nrest mine; you keep 'nhis great, great play."

He closed the trunk and reseated himself upon it. He folded his arms and glanced into Harry Waring's eyes.

"'Nyou lisson, now," he said, "'nI talk. Mebbe I have plenty sorry 'ntrouble, too." He told his troubles. They concerned the Mandarin, his chop-suey place. For years, of all the seven places on the street, the Mandarin had held the cream of the trade. But no more. Its nose was out of joint. For on the main street, and only three blocks away, and over the entrance of the Fernald theatre, a new place had sprung up—the Pekin, run by the biggest Chinese restaurant man in New York. And for one year the Mandarin had been losing money. Lee was rich, but he had dropped thousands in a few months. He had determined upon a course of action, but he wanted Waring's advice upon the subject; he had faith, he said, in the Waring judgment. He had made money; he had money. He wanted to make more money; he liked to make money.

"'N I go back—Tien-tsin—my home city. 'N I set up shop—bank, mebbe. I go home, buy two, three wives, be 'nregular ol' bachelor." He lit a cigarette and passed one to Harry Waring. He puffed in silence for a moment.

"Fine 'ncity, my home—Tien-tsin," he went on; "no opium; no opium in all China; sell opium, head off. Your fath-er, he help do that. No opium, nice place. I go home, live 'neasy, make money."

He stopped and puffed some more. He shook himself and rose to his feet. He stood there for a moment, staring blankly at the wall. Then he padded softly toward Harry Waring and placed his lean paw on Harry's shoulder and looked down into his eyes. His voice deepened into intensity; it vibrated with subdued energy.

"And great poet, Harry Waring," concluded Willie Lee, "you come 'nhome with me, to n'my home, Tien-tsin."

That was seven years ago, when the reading public barely tolerated verse and verses, when the poetic genius who sought book publication, and thereby lasting fame, paid for his printing and his binding, and had hard work to give his books away.

It is a singular circumstance that on the very day that Harry Waring (with his envoy, Willie Lee) departed for the Far East, Lang

of the *Salmagundi* tossed a bit of verse upon the desk of his superior, Trelawney. (I say "the very day" advisedly. Lang has the evidence in the shape of a rubber stamp upon an envelope.)

"That might do for us," said Lang; "Oriental—very sensuous. The perfume of the East."

Trelawney was near-sighted. In spite of his thick lenses he found it necessary to hold manuscripts two inches from his nose. He treated this that way.

"Perfume of the East, eh?" he grunted; "smells like it, at any rate. Waring? Don't know him. Where'll we go to lunch?"

Lang rubbed his chin. "Thought maybe we might use it," he suggested; "it's more than fair, you know."

Trelawney consulted a chart. He drew forth a ruler. He measured Harry Waring's lines. He shook his head. "Two inches too long, my boy," he said; "we'll have to send it back."

And back it went. But it never got to Harry Waring; it didn't find him. So it went back to the *Salmagundi*; went into its dead-letter files. For Harry Waring had left no address behind him, save with me.

And it is for me to tell Harry Waring's story, and the story of the great Yen How. Harry consents, requests—nay, after what happened at the Astor theatre the other evening he demands of me that I tell his story. He's ashamed of himself. I'm ashamed of myself, possibly. But not so the great Yen How. He gloats; he gloats!

It was through Waring that I met the great Yen How. We of the *Jersey Advertiser* had always liked Harry Waring and his stuff. But we could do nothing for him. The *Advertiser* ramified New Jersey to its extremest limits; it even crept insidiously into the confines of New York. It had its own correspondents in every big city on the globe. It had power and popularity and push, but, alas, no poetry. We had lots of sense, but little sentiment. But Waring was a home product, and we wanted him to succeed; individually we did our best and worst to push him through. And when he went he came around to say good-by. I saw him off at the Pennsy station, and it was to me he confided his true destination, and to me he gave his real address.

And it was through Waring that I became press agent for Yen How.

It is in the capacity of press agent for him

that I am speaking now. There are three people, only three, who rightfully can claim to be discoverers of this great Oriental genius. (I decline to mention names; I decline to discuss methods. I merely tell what happened.)

Waring, who had brushed up on his Chinese since his arrival in the East, translated and sent me Yen How's stuff. On Yen How's behalf he made me an offer—one that would not interfere with my duties on the *Advertiser*; in fact, my duties on the *Advertiser* would dovetail with the situation well. Did he make the offer, or did I? At any rate there was acceptance on both sides. I started in.

On the fifteenth day of April, 1914, before the great war had launched upon us its avalanche of fiery poetry, and at the psychological moment when every young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, there was placed upon the desk of every prominent book reviewer, of every critic, of every literary magazine in the country, a limp leather volume of Yen How's verse legends of the East. Limp leather; that was nothing! The printing was as plain as type can be, but the paper was of the most silken, expensive, exquisite Chinese kind that could be bought. The cover was a dream of decoration, done by the skilfullest artisans in Peking; the whole thing was a dream, a pipe-dream almost. In fact, later, to ascend to *Advertiser* patois, it turned out to be a pipe. It was a gem, this creation—one that a book lover would take home and lock up in a glass case, a wonderful gift for a lover to give his lady. But we didn't try to sell them; we tossed them around like catalogues, not to hoi polloi, you will understand. Merely to the elect.

A week later at least one paper in every big city in the country broke out in a paragraph about Yen How. This paragraph got in either on the first or second page. One or two big papers even featured it. It referred but briefly to the volume; it talked about the man. Yen How was a poet of the soil. He was down to the ground. He was making all China sing. Not since the era of the great T'ang dynasty had such a genius risen. And yet he was a man of caste—a mandarin. A product of many universities, he was a doctor of none. Mankind and woman were his books. He was the lyrical interpreter of life as four hundred million people lived it over there in that vast, overcrowded, tawny, yellow land.

During this time we were holding back

two important things: first, his photograph, which was (or was going to be) a winner; second, the fact that he was not as other Chinese mandarins. Ah me, no. He was an ascetic and a bachelor, or each, as you prefer.

In due course, straggling in from time to time, came the book reviews. The critics agreed with me in my remarks about the T'ang dynasty; Yen How's stuff certainly had the rhythmic, lyric quality that all Chinese poetry had lacked. They complimented effusively the unnamed translator, the ease and skill with which he had transformed these glittering Oriental gems into English as we like to read and sing it.

This was well enough, but a press agent is one who presses and keeps pressing; that was my job. I flashed new facts about him on the screen almost every hour; facts bewildering, uncanny.

And then the magazines asked questions; one or two gave orders. Yen How's publishers in New York passed them on to me, and I cabled them to China; that is, I should have done that, so I may have done it. Within a brief space of time I was able to furnish new samples of this poet's product (sometimes accompanied with the original Chinese version done on rice paper with a camel's-hair brush) to all who asked. All this took time. There's nothing slower in God's world than the progress of poetry and of poetic fame. But one thing, an astounding thing, in fact, assisted me. In a flash, overnight almost, the public taste turned. It set its face toward rhythm. It wanted poetry. It liked it. Trelawney of the *Salmagundi* sighed with inmost satisfaction and chopped up his ruler to make kindling wood.

"Thank God!" said Lang, "at last we can give 'em something that we want to give 'em, and at the same time give 'em something that they want."

It helped; believe me, how it helped!

Then, presto! like another flash, Yen How arrived, bodily arrived. He came overland from San Francisco. He slipped into New Jersey in the dead of night, quietly, unostentatiously. But he had brought with him a retinue and robes worth the ransom of a king. (Of course it depends upon the king.) But they were robes, no question about that. The women knew.

For we flashed him almost immediately upon the biggest club of women in our State, the home of our president. It was, I think, almost the proudest day of my life.

He looked every inch the mandarin as he swept out upon the platform; he was clad in somber finery that cost thousands. His carriage was sublime. And his face—its effect marred yet heightened in a way by the huge tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses that he wore—was the counterfeit presentment of his photographs: youthful yet austere, ascetic, a perfect Oriental face. And behind him, motionless as statues, grouped gracefully about the stage, stood his retinue, each with countenance inscrutable, but listening, always listening, to the master.

In the reading that ensued, and in all the readings that ensued, Yen How made no introductory remarks. He never lectured, never talked. He held no private receptions. He submitted, it is true, to interviews. He had strange ideas about the war, peculiar views of matrimony, held forth at length upon the birth of children, paid his compliments to our religions, decried our fashions, flattered our women, patted Wall Street on the back, and marveled at our theatrical exhibitions and our theatres—marveled, and was intensely interested in them.

Because he, Yen How, was thinking of a play.

Personally I enjoyed these interviews. During my brief newspaper career I have held unusual outre views upon most phases of our life—views which the *Advertiser* steadfastly declined to print. But Yen How's views, that was a different matter. They were almost identical with mine, and they went broadcast over the country, and soaked in, too.

No, Yen How never lectured. He merely stood in one spot—in the limelight—and recited Yen How's poems. He did not read them. He voiced them, apparently extempore, in excellent English, with a trace of course of Oriental accent, but in low sing-song cadences, his majestic body swaying slightly to and fro to the rhythm of the lines. At times he used his hands for emphasis, and flashed upon his audience his fingers, silver-shod—marks of his caste.

He was impressive, spectacular; he was Yen How.

Ellenbogen & Boreel put on his play. They were wary of it at the start, and declined to pay more than the usual advance. But it went big; it had to, because it *was* big. Of course we knew the critics would praise it to the skies; it possessed their kind of merit. But, away and beyond that, the public liked it.

It appealed to them as Athenians. They were looking for some new thing, and here it was, served to the queen's taste. It was Chinese to the core; Oriental, sensuous, almost sensual, but not quite. Yen How, the ascetic, had studied border lines, danger marks, thin ice. Above all, it was human. It appealed to the fifteen-year-old boy; it appealed to his grandmother. It was the kind of a play that a chap could take his girl to.

It was a winner, and on its first night in New York Ellenbogen & Boreel knew it for the thing it was—a million-dollar show.

There were cries of "Author! author!" Of course there always are. But there was no author to be seen. Yen How was reciting verses down at Portland, Maine, with his swaying body, his silken robes, his retinue. He continued to recite. His play continued on its New York run, but no author ever stepped upon the stage. Plutocrats from Portland were running down to see the play, and the rest of the Portlanders hoped it would get to Boston at an early date. Savannah, Ga., wired for seats after Yen How's advent there, so did Pittsburgh, Pa. They got them six weeks or so ahead.

The play was published in book form, and it sold—moderately of course, as plays do. But critics and reviewers, too poor to reach New York, or too scant of time or inclination, gave it its just due. Yen How was a genius; they agreed on that. Magazines here, there, everywhere, demanded verse, more verse, and yet more verse. Yen How supplied their needs. The man's industry was remarkable, for he wrote while he traveled, wrote on his recital tours. (Interviewed, stated he had never taken opium in his life. In a well-considered article sketched the introduction of opium into China by the English in 1833 and its recent eradication. Was a vegetarian. Ate meat only once a month, and then only half a pound of fillet from a well-fed Chow dog, preferably three generations removed from the wild. Thank 'nyou, I must now array myself for the 'nplatform. Will 'nyou have a cigarette. Oh, that is merely the Chinese spelling of my name, done in 'ngold upon the tip. Good-by.)

At last Yen How was tired. He had gone the American pace; it had pleased but wearied him. He would fain depart.

A special fête was arranged for the 100th performance of his great play, "Hari-kiri," at the Astor theatre. For the first time Yen How, the author of the masterpiece, con-

sented to appear upon the stage. It would be his farewell appearance, his farewell to America, his last and only. But as a mark of gratitude to all who had been so kind to him, no seats were to be sold. They were to be scattered broadcast (this is the fact, not E. & B.'s gracious announcement, which was couched in far politer terms) among all the critics, reviewers, magazine editors, book publishers, theatrical managers, and others who had earned his undying gratitude. And such accordingly was done.

The hundredth performance was a memorable one. You couldn't swing a cat without hitting somebody who published something, or who knocked everything, or who put things on. (The rest is public property, but I'll tell it, anyway.)

"Hari-kiri" is a play in two sets. Between the acts is a welcome intermission of ten minutes. Welcome, because the spectator has simply got to talk at length about that wonderful first act. (Between you and me, the first act is the act in "Hari-kiri.") Well, during that interval a silken curtain splashed with yellow dragons was let down, and from between its folds, austere but graceful, stalked the great Yen How. Prolonged applause. And then behind him his silken-clad retinue, his almond-eyed background.

The applause continued until Yen How held up his hand, the silver spurs upon his fingers pointing toward the top gallery. The throng dropped into silence deep as Stygian darkness. And then Yen How's graceful figure began its slow swing from side to side, the prelude to the chanting of his lines. Then he commenced:

"My name is not Yen How——"

He stopped. He thrust forth those lean fingers, puncturing his audience with their emphasis. "Lissen—'n—lissen," he commanded. Then he began again:

"My name is not Yen How,
My name is Willie Lee;
I am not a mandarin,
I am a shop-keeper in Tien-tsin."

The audience pressed forward. This was good stuff—something that the gallery could understand, whatever it meant.

"Devilish obscure," murmured a Broadway lounge; "deep, eh?"

But Yen How proceeded with his chant:

"I am not a mandarin,
But I kept the Mandarin—
What kind a place was that?
Chop-suey joint in Jersey,
That is the place I kept—
Chop-suey joint in Jersey."

A woman clutched her escort's arm. "Isn't he wonderful?" she whispered.

"Chop-suey joint in Jersey;
Seven years ago I kept it
By name of Willie Lee.
Look—see, my retinue."

He turned and beckoned with a silver spur.

"This man, his name is Woy,
He was my old cashier—
Cashier of the Mandarin,
Chop-suey joint in Jersey.
This fat gentleman and this
Cooks at the Mandarin;
This fellow, Charlie Brown,
Bouncer—good one, too.
Waiters the other two,
Slingers of chop suey and chow mein;
And me, Willie Lee, the boss—
Boss of the Mandarin."

He stopped his speech. But his body continued to sway from side to side. The audience waited, spellbound, wondering. They could see he wasn't through.

And then suddenly, still swaying, he broke into peal upon peal of cackling Oriental laughter; it was a laugh rollicking and yet, somehow, sardonic, grim. Laughter is infectious; his audience laughed with him. But again he held up his hand and asked for silence. He got it.

"My fren's," he cried, "I did not write poetry, I did not write anything. I am not educated. I did not write this play. I am not Mandarin. I am Willie Lee. And I am not author of this play."

He pointed toward the box at his left.

"There," he cried, with irrepressible triumph in his tones, "there sits the author of this play, next to newspaper fellow there."

All eyes were turned upon Harry Waring; all eyes, even mine. But he sat there, a mere spectator, unconcerned, looking straight at Willie Lee, as though wondering what were coming next.

Below us, not ten feet away, I saw one man grab another by the arm.

"Good Lord, Max," he said, "that's the chap that used to sit in our waiting-room for hours."

"Yes," exclaimed the other in disgusted tones, "and, dammit, we wouldn't read his play. And that play was 'Hari-kiri.'"

In the hubbub Harry Waring clutched me by the shoulder.

"Great Scott," he greeted, "I've got to get away, out of this somewhere. I thought it was going to be funny; I thought it would be great. But it's rotten, it's yellow, and I'm ashamed—ashamed. Come, come!"

We left, only to fall into the arms of Ellenbogen & Boreel, who were drunk with the advertising value of the thing. They dragged him into the dressing-room of one of the leads, and signed him up for his next play, "Kow-tow."

"You can say," Boreel confided to me, "that he'll start to write this new play to-night."

That was some weeks ago, as of course you know. Harry Waring, with half a dozen contracts in his pocket and fifty letters of congratulation for putting one over, has gone back to Tien-tsin. He hasn't gone back there to write "Kow-tow." He finished that play some ten years ago or so. He's gone to hide his face in shame, and also, wisely, to keep away from opium.

Willie Lee opens the Yen How restaurant on Broadway next month, or as soon thereafter as the artists finish painting Chinese devils on the wall. I am permanent press agent for him and Harry Waring and for Ellenbogen & Boreel. But ever since it happened Willie Lee and I have been putting our heads together somewhat apprehensively. We are wondering whether they can do anything to us, and what. I don't believe they can do anything, do you? After all, we only gave 'em Harry Waring's wonderful stuff, and what can be fairer than that. And then, too, you know what Barnum said about the American people, and we stick by Barnum. And so, here's hoping, anyhow.



CONDITIONS OF THE CASH PRIZE CONTEST

In this number of "Mystery Magazine" we are publishing a short story entitled "The Great Hindoo Ruby." The Story is purposely left unfinished. Three characters are suspected of guilt. Which, if any, was the thief?

WHAT BECAME OF THE MISSING RUBY?

The author has finished the story, and his version is the correct one, but we are withholding publication of his ending. The missing pages of his story are locked in our safe, and will be published in a future number. Meantime we invite our readers to finish the story in their own way. Use no more than 200 words, and send your version to us. We will pay One Hundred Dollars for the most correct explanations of the mystery, distributed as follows:

\$50.00 for the best explanation; \$25.00 for the second best; \$10.00 for the third best; \$5.00 each for the fourth, fifth and sixth best.

There will be three responsible judges: Mr. O. W. Simons, the author; Mr. W. C. Brigham, Jr., the artist, and the editor of this magazine.

A fair and impartial verdict will be given as soon as possible. The contest closes November 15th. If a tie occurs each tying contestant will receive an equal prize. The prize-winning endings and names of the winners will be published after the contest closes.

Send Your Ending of the Story to

Contest Editor MYSTERY MAGAZINE, 168 W. 23d St., New York City



PRIZE STORY

The GREAT HINDOO RUBY

by

O.W. Simons

"HOW much?" Bethuen asked, expressing himself partly by signs. The precious stone he held in his hand was a marvel of beauty, flashing its wine-like tints in the ray of sunlight that crept into the dingy little shop through a small window. The turbaned figure opposite, behind the box-like counter, shrugged its shoulders, made a deprecating motion with its hands, and named an exorbitant figure.

"Thirty thousand pound. Vair cheap. Beauteeful!" the old man said.

Bethuen gave a negative shake of his head and laid the ruby on the counter. He was thoroughly familiar with the East Indian method of bargaining. The usual praise on one side, depreciation on the other, must be gone through with before the actual price would be announced. And this deal was to follow original lines. A sudden look of fear

came into the face of the white-bearded proprietor as his eyes rested on a native peering in the window, and he stated a figure so radically below his former price that a suspicion entered the American's mind as to the genuineness of the gem. He knew precious stones, and this one was worth a fortune. Why was it offered at such a ridiculously low price? As he hesitated the old man thrust the stone into his hands, again cutting the figure in half.

That settled it. The money paid, Bethuen stowed his prize in an inside pocket of his loose Norfolk jacket and turned to leave the shop. As he did so he caught a fleeting glimpse of the dark, hateful Hindoo face, black, baleful eyes fastened on his from the window, but as he reached the threshold the man had disappeared. Threading his way through the motley throng of priests, nobles, fakirs and beggars, the threatening face remained uppermost in his mind. He was not long in connecting it with the storekeeper's haste to sell. There must then be a history behind this precious gem. Perhaps it had been torn from the eye of some revered idol or mayhap had graced the golden headdress of a powerful Rajah.

Pausing for a moment at the door of his hotel to glance along the narrow, crowded street through which he had just come, he was sure he saw the dark face, with its strong eyes, turned in his direction, but in the shifting mass of color displayed by the native costume he could not be sure.

Bethuen had made the journey to Benares with the hope of adding to his well-known collection of gems, but this windfall had far outstripped his hopes. Perhaps he was to pay for it in another way. A sense of uneasiness crept into his heart. Naturally courageous, ready for an open fight in defense of what he believed to be right, he had no liking for the secret methods of the Hindoo assassin. Still, there was little to build such a notion on, and he dismissed the subject from his mind as he proceeded to his room. The next day would see him on his way to the coast, and he would shortly board a steamer bound for New York.

At luncheon he sat opposite an English financier, an agreeable fellow with whom he had scraped an acquaintance. In a guarded way he mentioned the morning's experience.

"They're bad chaps to deal with," his companion commented. "I had a friend"—and then followed a tragic story of the untimely

fate of an unfortunate who had roused the resentment of one of these people.

"I sincerely trust mine is not to be a parallel case," Bethuen said, smiling wryly.

"It will pay to be on your guard if you have the least reason to expect an attack," answered the Britisher.

But Bethuen was to have concrete evidence before many hours. That night when he had packed his bag, put out the light, and had stretched himself on his bed, hoping for sleep in spite of a very hot night, he had been aroused by a slight scraping at the open casement, just as he was about to drop off into dreamland. Instantly alert, he turned his attention in the direction of the sound. A black shape clung to the sill. Here was a chance to find out who the night prowler was. Bethuen braced himself for a quick leap, but ere he could fling himself to the window the figure was gone. It was a moonless night, though the star-strewn heavens gave sufficient light for him to locate the roof of a shed directly below, by means of which the prowler had made his entry. The distance was at least nine feet, suggesting an amount of strength not to be despised. In vain he searched the space below. A mass of shrubbery lent its aid to the night visitor's escape. Bethuen thought he detected a movement among the leaves of a stunted palm, and meditated risking a shot, but finally decided against it. He had cause to realize a moment later that he himself presented a far better target as he stood leaning out. Something flashed by his head so close that he felt the breeze of it. The object struck the wall and remained quivering there. Before investigating he lowered a contrivance of slats designed to shut out the heat and glare during the day, and then, by the aid of a flashlight, discovered the weapon to be a slim dagger, to the handle of which a piece of parchment was attached. On its surface a message in English was crudely though closely lettered:

Ujjia ruby Leeve wid Yogi 4 palm tree
south Ramned shop

This message proved a bit puzzling, but Bethuen recalled the name Ramned shop, a dealer in brasses from whom he had secured a set of beautifully cut and decorated bowls. The rest, of course, was easy. The Yogi or holy man would probably be seated on his mat beneath the tree. All vestiges of doubt were now removed from his mind. The ruby

evidently *had* a history, and it seemed that more of it was still to be told. As far as he was concerned, if they wanted the so-called Ujjia ruby, let them come and get it. He had paid honest money for it, and believed in his right to keep the gem, especially against such underhand methods.

As a result of this adventure there was no more sleep the rest of the night. He thought of calling up an attendant and having his room changed, but it was quite possible the owner of the dagger might have a confederate in the hotel, and, besides, the move would be a confession of weakness.

In the morning he looked up his friend Markly and related his nocturnal experience.

"That's only the beginning. You have plenty of trouble ahead," was the financier's consoling comment.

"They'll have to work quickly. I leave India in an hour," Bethuen replied.

"Have you thought of a disguise?" Markly asked.

"It hardly seems worth while."

"Don't underrate your danger."

"What would you suggest?"

"Let me fix you up."

"Go as far as you like." The notion appealed to Bethuen. To find himself involved in a contest of this sort rather stimulated his pulse. The disguise added a certain touch of mystery.

It was arranged that he remain in Markly's room while the latter set about securing a change of apparel. When the alterations had finally been made Bethuen set out on foot from a rear door, his friend attending to the luggage. And so it was that he found himself aboard the train without further incident.

While the cars were still at the station vendors of fruit, novelties and oddities of various sorts passed along the platform offering their wares. One of these, with a tray of oranges, stopped by Bethuen's compartment. The fruit looked tempting, and he was about to purchase some when the notion came forcefully to him that it was the prowler of the night who stood there. It seemed wise to be cautious; the fruit might be drugged; he refused it. Only the eyes of the vender showed. They were black and bold, and when his oranges were not accepted a cruel look of hate came into them. Bethuen caught the trail of a curse as the white-robed figure departed.

Aboard the steamer he congratulated himself on so easily outwitting his enemy, but before the voyage was over he received warning

that he was still being followed, that his only chance of safety lay in surrendering the gem. This came about through a message he found in his stateroom the day before the steamer's arrival in New York harbor. It had evidently been a difficult undertaking for the Hindoo to place it there, but not only had he accomplished the feat unobserved, but he had thoroughly ransacked the contents of the room. It was the possibility of just such an attempt that had influenced Bethuen to carry the ruby about his person. A careful inspection of the crew, even with the assistance of the captain, failed to reveal his enemy. About half the men were Lascars, Arabs and Turks, and Bethuen had never seen his secret foe near enough to properly identify him.

The whole adventure seemed like a dream when he once more found himself in his well-appointed home on West 96th street, New York.

CHAPTER TWO

LIKE most men of wealth, Bethuen's fortune was invested mainly in stocks and bonds, and, unfortunately, as often happens, the temptation comes now and then to plunge on some especially good thing to make a "killing." It was shortly after his return that the gem collector found himself in precisely this situation. When it came to increasing his margins, instead of going to the bank, he had placed his securities with Kempshall, a well-known millionaire who, incidentally, was also interested in gem collecting. When Bethuen showed his marvelous ruby the millionaire's eyes had glinted with an avaricious light. Stocks continuing to fall, he offered to take the ruby as security for a considerable amount, but Bethuen managed, somehow, to pull along, dreading to allow the gem to pass from his hands, even under such circumstances.

To say that he was a much worried man would scarcely express it. With conditions as they were, it was a cheerless, lonesome prospect to come home at night to the big house where no one who cared awaited him unless except two faithful old servants. Through the loss of his wife five years before he had been left practically without relatives. The once cheerful, well-furnished home became merely a house with furniture in it; so it came about that much of his time was spent

at one or another of several clubs of which he was a member.

On a drizzly night in October he stepped into the vestibule at one of the clock, shook out his umbrella, and reached into his trousers pocket for the latch-key. It was at that precise moment that Benny the Thug dealt the unfortunate man a blow on the back of the head that felled him unconscious. When he regained his senses he was at a loss to account for his surroundings. He was lying on a cot in a dirty, unkempt room. A chain was locked about an ankle, the other end secured to a ring in the wall.

Some one below had heard him move, the sound of feet were rasping on the uncarpeted stairs, then the door opened, and a head appeared. The face was a brutal one, and was not improved by a tightly wrinkled grin, when the owner of it said:

"Yer had a nice long rest."

"Where am I?" Bethuen asked, as his hand went mechanically to his aching head.

"Can't you see? You're in a room."

"I did notice that, but what part of the city is what I want to know. Who brought me here?"

"A good friend of yours saved you when you was hit in an accident and brought you to this nice hospital." At this juncture a door slammed below and a voice called:

"Hello, Smitty!"

"Yer frien' wants yer," chuckled the man; then he yelled: "Come up!"

The second of these worthies was no improvement on his mate. Entering the room in a business-like way, he sat on the edge of the bed. Judging from his authoritative manner, Bethuen guessed him to be the leader of a gang.

"I suppose you want to get out of here without being hurt?" he asked abruptly. "Well, it's easy. Gimme the combination of your safe."

"After the ruby again," Bethuen thought. Aloud he said: "My house is guarded by police. My disappearance must have become known."

"Don't worry; I'll look after that. Gimme the number. Hurry up"; and as Bethuen gave a number he snarled: "I hope for your sake you didn't make any mistake." He rose from the edge of the bed and left the room with his companion.

Bethuen spent the day alone. Neither food nor water were brought. The chain that held his ankle would not allow him to reach the

window, but he could see that it faced a blank brick wall. It was so quiet he risked a call for help. A response from below followed at once, for his jailer came bounding up the stairs, uttering a stream of low-voiced profanity. His face was red with anger as he entered the room, and he made a panther-like spring at Bethuen, aiming a blow at his head. "Cuss you," he hissed in a suppressed voice, "I'll fix you so you'll keep quiet for a while."

But the gem collector was no mean antagonist. Quickly springing aside, he at the same time brought the chain that bound his ankle across the scoundrel's shins, tripping him. He fell heavily against the wall, striking his head with stunning force. It was a wonder the ruffian's neck was not broken. Half dazed, he tried to rise, but Bethuen aimed a kick at him, and he curled up, then stretched out senseless, uttering a deep groan. Bethuen bent over and searched the crook for a weapon, but luck was against him. What had become of the revolver that had been displayed in the morning? He was about to renew his search when the sound of some one at the door below caught his attention. Realizing his danger, he half lifted, half dragged the unconscious man to the bed and thrust him underneath, throwing the covering over the edge to hide him. Having quickly and quietly closed the door, he returned to his place on the bed, assuming a reclining position. Meanwhile the sounds from below indicated the entrance of more than one.

"Hullo, Smitty! You up there? Everything all right?" came from below.

It was Benny the Thug, who entered the room, and with him was as hard a looking man as could be found in the lowest slums of the city. The breadth and thickness of his shoulders suggested immense strength.

"Where's the guy I left on guard?" The gang leader's voice was hoarse with anger.

"How do you expect me to know?" Bethuen replied. "There was a scrap of some sort out in the street, and—"

"Never mind him," Benny interrupted. "Say, you lied to me."

"I gave you the combination of my office safe."

"That's lucky for you. I'll use that, too, later."

"Let me save you the trouble. Can't we come to some agreement? I'll pay well for my freedom."

"You'll pay all I want when I get into that safe in your house." He then waved his arm toward the latest member of his gang and added: "Say, take a good look at this kid. He'd do a man up for ten cents. Now, don't make no mistake this time." He grasped Bethuen roughly by the collar and shook him.

It was hard to bear, but the prisoner realized that resistance would be worse than useless, and swallowing his resentment he gave the correct number, hoping for some opportunity to escape, when he might be able to rescue the ruby.

Ere Benny took his departure he turned to his pal and said:

"Look that guy over. The pickin's may be worth yer while. I want to see Smitty. He was told to stay here till I got back."

The suggestion of his leader evidently appealed to his big-shouldered gangster. He stood for a while with his fists on his hips, looking his victim over like a cook about to carve a turkey. Then he went at the job of frisking Bethuen, which, when done, was as thorough as could be asked by the most exacting of his profession.

"I'll make it pay you to help me," Bethuen then began.

A cruel blow across the mouth from the back of the man's rough hand was the immediate answer. The gem collector's eyes glowed with anger, but he held his peace by a supreme effort.

It was a tense moment for the prisoner. The gangster roamed about the room looking here and there. At any minute he might take it into his head to peer under the bed or the unconscious Smitty might come to his senses. When finally the ruffian made his way below stairs Bethuen breathed easier, though the position still bristled with danger. Sooner or later the senseless man must be discovered, and then?

Something must be done and at once. An idea occurred to Bethuen. He crossed over to the ring in the wall that held the other end of the chain. Perhaps it could be bent; there might be a slight gap. With a throb of hope he discovered this very condition. It may have been the result of Smitty's tripping over the chain, but whatever the cause Bethuen was able, after a few minutes' strenuous work, to force the final connecting link through the gap, and he was free. Free? How was he to escape from the building, with the floor below so well guarded? Stepping cautiously to the window, he looked down

into an enclosure fenced about by a high brick wall and stored with a miscellany of rusty junk. The roof looked better, especially as the distance from the window to the yard was a danger in itself. He cautiously opened the door and crept noiselessly into the hall. A ladder stood at the farther end, implying the existence of a scuttle-way.

At this moment the injured Smitty suddenly gave utterance to a hoarse, choking cry and began thrashing about in some sort of a fit. Crook number three, on the alert, came bounding up the stairs.

CHAPTER THREE

BETHUEN'S only hope was the ladder. The remainder of the chain still locked to his ankle he had coiled about his waist. Using all his strength, he rushed to the ladder and sped up, only to find the scuttle locked.

Fortunately the hall was dark, as the day was waning. The gangster, influenced by the noise of the disturbance in the room, gave that his first attention. To this fact Bethuen probably owed his life. In a frenzy he bore against the scuttle with all his strength. At the third blow it gave way, but the guard, who must have heard these sounds, was already racing along the hall.

By the time Bethuen had scrambled to the roof his foe was coming up the ladder. As the gangster's fingers gripped the scuttle edge Bethuen threw down the lid with all his force and jumped on it. The pain thus inflicted must have been intense. A smothered howl of rage and suffering arose. The victim now proved his giant strength, for the scuttle lid was forced up, in spite of the gem collector's weight. Shackled as he was by the chain, weakened by lack of food and the ill treatment he had endured, Bethuen felt himself no match for this gorilla-like creature. There was no time to reconnoiter. The front, where the street must be, was hopeless. Striding to the edge at the left, a quick glance disclosed the board roof of a shed possibly a little over a dozen feet below. To lessen the length of the drop he lowered himself till he was hanging by his hands and then let go. No injury resulted from the fall. Looking up, he saw the crook at the roof edge fumbling with an automatic, but his hands were so crushed that he was unable to manage it and impatiently

threw the gun away. The next moment he was lowering himself as Bethuen had done, but when he assayed the drop the result was far different. The injured hands again failed him, and he struck partly on his side. The ancient flimsy roof gave way beneath his two hundred pounds of weight, and he disappeared in a cloud of dust and flying debris. The crash drew a curious crowd.

Bethuen made his way to the street farther along the row of rookeries, and took to his heels till he was well away from that disreputable neighborhood. Finally he paused, exhausted, and was about to hail a passing taxi when he realized his lack of funds. A careful search of every pocket only proved how very thoroughly he had been plundered.

Ninety-sixth street was a long way off, and he was thoroughly worn out. A doorstep at the side of a store offered a place of rest, and he availed himself of it, in doubt as to his next move.

Then he spied the light of a police station and he ran toward it. His story was soon told to the captain at the desk, and the machinery of the law was at once put into action. A patrol wagon with a half-dozen policemen was dispatched to the 96th street address, and a detective assigned to the case.

While Bethuen was being relieved of the cumbersome chain, Detective Johnson went carefully over the details of the case, and then he, too, took his departure.

CHAPTER FOUR

NOT all the crooks, thugs and thieves are to be found in the poorer parts of the city. Wall Street, with its millions of wealth, has a generous quota—men who will stop at nothing to gain their ends.

Kempshall, with whom Bethuen had dealt in his stock speculations, would have fitted in very well with any East Side gang, except for the accident of his birth in surroundings of luxury and refinement.

It was he who had engaged Benny the Thug to get the coveted Ujjia ruby. But Benny had no more conscience than the millionaire. With the facts in his possession, there was no reason in the world why he should not work independently. Kempshall

soon sensed the situation. Benny had been of service on other occasions, but the temptation had been too great in this case.

A passion to gain the beautiful gem had taken such violent hold on the millionaire that he finally threw all caution to the winds and decided to depend entirely on his own efforts. Socially acquainted with Bethuen, he knew of the situation of the safe in the library, and was also able, through his knowledge of the neighborhood, to gain the rear of the building on 96th street. Well-armed and dressed for the part, he felt himself as thoroughly equipped for the work in hand as any second-story man in the metropolis. Of course he knew the risk he ran, but risk was an every-day feature of life in Wall Street.

So we find him on a certain cloudy night at the rear of Bethuen's house, a small bag of tools grasped in one hand, a dark felt hat pulled down over his eyes, the collar of his coat turned up, in his pocket a small flashlight. But as far as the tools were concerned as a means of entering the house, they might just as well have been left behind. When Kempshall came to inspect the lower rear windows he found one standing invitingly open. This must surely be the work of the gang leader. What a lucky chance that they should have hit upon the same night. The only fear in the financier's mind now was: had Benny the Thug secured the stone and made his getaway? If still within Kempshall felt himself able to cope with the crook.

As he was about to climb through the window his foot came in contact with a soft substance. It proved to be a foreign-looking black cloak, long and heavy; most decidedly not the sort of thing worn by a professional burglar. Had he miscalculated about Benny? Was there another interested in the ruby? A careful inspection of the cloak only deepened the mystery. It had all the indications of foreign origin. Wasting no further time in idle speculation, Kempshall made sure of his automatic and crept silently into the house.

The cloak, of course, was the property of the Hindoo. By a strange coincidence he, too, had found his way to the rear of the collector's home. It was after watching the place for a couple of weeks that he had finally chosen this dark night, when there seemed to be no one at home. He, too, had made his stealthy way to this back window and found it open.

CHAPTER FIVE

"THEY cleaned me out, watch, money and all?" Bethuen explained to the police captain at the desk. "Could you spare me a couple of dollars?"

"Sure," was the reply. "Will that be enough?"

"I'll make it do, thanks."

Hungry and tired as he was, Bethuen wasted not a moment in returning to his home. There was no sign of a light as he climbed the front steps. He wondered what had become of the police guard, and hesitated before entering the vestibule. It was just possible that Benny the Thug might be waiting there for him. With no desire to repeat any part of his past experience, he prepared to wait till some one was passing before attempting to enter. But the door was cautiously opened. Bethuen stifled a call for help as he recognized Johnson, the headquarters detective.

"Benny the Thug is in there, but we have the place surrounded, and he can't escape," whispered the officer.

"Where are the police?"

"Spread around, some in the rear."

"I didn't see any as I came in."

"Well, they saw you. There'll be plenty of action here in a few minutes."

"Shall I open the door?" Bethuen asked.

"Go ahead, but be as quiet as possible."

Fortunately his bunch of keys had been allowed to remain in his possession. With extreme caution the door was opened, and they stepped into the hall, where the sound of their feet was deadened by rich Turkish rugs. The next instant two pistol shots rang out, the sound of a violent struggle arose, and then a cry of agony.

Johnson sprinted along the hall toward the library in the rear, closely followed by Bethuen, the latter switching on the electricity by means of a button in the wall, flooding the place in light.

Fully expecting to have a fight on their hands, imagine their surprise to find the large room with its lining of glass-protected handsome volumes entirely deserted. The details, taken in at a glance, included an open safe, before which there was a stain of blood, near by a long Indian dagger with a curiously carved handle, and a revolver. Bethuen furiously searched the safe. But the ruby was gone! Where was it?

COOKS WITH THE HEAT OF THE SUN

EVERY boy knows that with the aid of a magnifying-glass a paper can be ignited and wood burned by focussing the rays of the sun upon it. That being so, why can't the sun's heat take the place of coal? asks the *Popular Science Monthly*.

Dozens of inventors have asked themselves that question, among them the famous Capt. Ericsson, inventor of the Monitor. He spent about \$150,000 and then discovered that, although the sun's heat costs nothing, a sun-heated boiler is so expensive that it is cheaper in the end to use old-fashioned heating apparatus. Dr. C. G. Abbot of the Smithsonian Institution has attacked this problem, but in a purely experimental way. He knows that the day when the sun will take the place of coal is still far off.

In his apparatus we find the usual parabolic mirror that focuses the sun's rays on a

boiler—in this case a blackened tube filled with oil. Dr. Abbot uses oil because it boils at over 400 degrees F. Water boils at 212 degrees. Hence the oil absorbs more heat.

The oil flows into the tube from an overhead reservoir and then back into the reservoir in a continuous stream. The oil transfers its heat to two cooking-ovens. A few hours of sunshine are sufficient to heat the oil to such a temperature that cooking can be done all day. It does not matter if the morning is sunny and the afternoon cloudy. The ovens will still be hot enough for any purpose except frying.

Since the sun moves slowly across the sky, the mirror must follow it, so that the rays will always be concentrated on the tube. This is accomplished by means of clockwork.

Dr. Abbot did all his cooking last winter with this solar kitchen stove.

The Passing of Sailor John

By BEDFORD BROWN

SEVERAL men were sitting alone in the twilight, leisurely puffing at cigars, when one of the hospital nurses came out and whispered to the doctor that Sailor John was "a-goin'." The passing away of a mortal is an event about which there is always something of the mysterious, and so they walked down the long corridor and entered Ward No. 12. The nurse was right. John was "a-goin'." Like an alto rilievo, out of the crumpled pillow rose a face that was Roman in its rugged outline, and even the pinched nose, sunken eyes and compressed lips did not obliterate the likeness to some of those historic busts dug up among the ruins of early Italy. A student said it looked like Seneca, and truly there was much to recall the old philosopher in the wrinkled features.

The man in bed No. 27, restless with fever, turned over so as to face the couch of the dying man, and with wild, staring eyes watched every sinking respiration of the old sailor.

An awkward plethoric beetle buzzed around the gas-jet in an irregular orbit, its hum being the only sound to break the silence which the faint breathings of the sufferer softly punctuated. The doctor lifted the sheet and felt the pulse of the patient.

"It's about over," he remarked, and he laid down the helpless arm.

There was a rattle in the throat, a long-drawn sigh, as if all the sorrows of a lifetime were relieved as it died away, and then the eyes opened. They looked into the doctor's, and seeming to find comfort in the returning glance of compassion, they closed slowly. Then there was a twitching of the muscles around the mouth, and in a supreme climax of effort the lips moved, and faintly came forth:

"Hard a-port it is, sir."

A slight tremor shook his frame, and all was over.

John had reached harbor.

Then there was a tread of feet in the cor-

ridor and the carriers of the dead came in, and John was taken out to the dead-house and laid beside other storm-tossed barks that had that day found a last mooring-place, whither the whole armada of humanity drift at last. The hospital bell gave one stroke to announce the departure of another soul, and then the nurses looked over the ward book to see who next should receive his dose of medicine, and hospital life resumed its quiet current.

The men went back to the portico and resumed their cigars. "A curious fellow that," said the doctor; "this is his fifth visit here, and he knew it would be his last. He was always begging me to be at his side when the end came, and by good luck I chanced here to-night."

"Strange as it may seem to you, this same man was once a king. You smile, but nevertheless it is true. He was cast away in the Pacific, and reached one of the small islands out there, where he lived and became ruler of a little kingdom. He longed for white society, and abdicated and went back to sea.

"But that is not what I wanted to speak about," the doctor went on, lighting a fresh cigar. "It's his curious ideas of his ability to come back from the other world. He has talked to me by the hour on this subject, until I put him down as a spiritualist of the most orthodox kind. He has promised me to make his presence known on the night of his nativity, June 30, and has excited my curiosity not a little."

"If he could only do that," said an interne, "it would be the solving of all doubts."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "no message ever came from beyond the Styx, and good sailor as John was, he cannot, I believe, cross that inky flood."

The above little episode happened in the Charity Hospital about the middle of May, and the doctor spoken of was one known and beloved throughout the city and state. It is but little over a year since he, too, crossed the Lethean stream, but before his death he told

the writer the facts given below, speaking of them as a curious coincidence, and not for a moment looking at them in a superstitious light.

He was a man of remarkable nerve, was as brave as *Cœur de Lion*, and would be as little daunted by the appearance of a Simon-pure ghost as he would by the approach of an old friend. It was but a short time before his death, and while Canal street was a pandemonium of sound, and horns and fire-crackers were making Christmas eve hideous, that, seated in his office, the conversation turned on things supernatural. The trepidations of youth over spooks, and the fears of the superstitious of older growth were laughed at, and it was not until the subject drifted to hospital life that the doctor exclaimed:

"That's a fact; I don't believe I ever told you my experience in the dead-house in the hospital after Sailor John's death. I never cared about saying anything regarding it, for if I have to confess it, for the first time in my life I was a little weak.

"You know the dead-house at Charity Hospital and its interior? Well, I had had a case of aneurism that puzzled all of us, and, being a young physician then, I had a natural pride in my diagnosis, which did not agree with that of the other surgeons. So I determined that when the patient died, as he was sure to do, I would hold an autopsy myself. Well, the poor fellow succumbed at last, and, as I had been busy all day, I could not get back to the hospital until eleven o'clock on the night of June 30. I remember the date well. Illuminating the inside room of the dead-house, there was but a single gas-burner alight. Rigid on one of the dissecting-tables was my subject, awaiting me.

"It was anything but a pleasant night. I may say that I cannot remember a more disagreeable one. A blustering norther was blowing and a heavy rain falling. The wind moaned around the eaves of the hospital as if hundreds of sufferers were in agony, and the gurgle of water in the gutters leading to the cistern was anything but musical. Once in awhile a flash of lightning threw out in relief the bodies lying on other tables awaiting burial. Certainly it was a night of nights for a visit to the dead-house.

"Well, I took off my oil-cloth coat, opened my dissecting-case, and started to work. The wind stole in through crevices and flared the gas so that I was delayed in my investigation

considerably. But after an hour's labor I approached the solution of the problem over which I had so long studied. So full of anxiety was I my hand trembled, and seeing this, I stopped, filled my pipe, and began smoking to conquer my eagerness.

"The face of the dead man was ashen in its paleness, and his flesh was as cold as marble. Looking back at the picture now, I don't think I ever saw a more spectral corpse than that. The eyes were open, and in the agony of death the muscles of the mouth had contracted, so that in the *rigor mortis* he had a sardonic grin that was horrible in its leer.

"The patter of the rain on the roof was incessant, but it sounded pleasant, for it seemed company to one.

"It took but a few minutes' smoking to recover my steadiness of hand, and I resumed work.

"While bending over the body, and just at a moment when the greatest delicacy of operation was required, a curious noise from one corner of the dead-house startled me. It was not a footstep, but was somewhat like a shuffling of feet.

"Instinctively I looked in that direction, and noticed for the first time some four or five skulls on the floor in a partial state of preparation. The younger students had been at work preparing them for their cabinets. The grinning faces looked as if to chide me for working on such a night, but then I was too anxious about my case to miss my opportunity.

"Applying myself again to my subject, I was soon lost in the peculiar developments my eye discovered each moment, when again I was annoyed by a distinct sound from the corner.

"Glancing in that direction, it must be confessed I was a little surprised to see one of the skulls seemingly moving slowly toward me along the flagging of the floor. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. There it was—the fleshless sockets of the eyes gazing at me, the uneven, jagged teeth giving a ghastly grin to the mouth.

"It is a little difficult for me to tell exactly what were my feelings. That they were peculiar I frankly admit. I fell to studying about the cause of this motion on the part of the skull, and examined closely to see whether or not there was a string attached and a student playing one of his pranks.

"But no. In the light I could plainly dis-

cern that there was nothing attached to this relic of humanity. Then what moved it?

"Still engrossed with my endeavors to solve this mystery, I did not take my eyes off the skull.

"Slowly, stealthily and steadily it came on directly toward where I was sitting on a high stool. The motion produced a dull, grating sound, as some sharp protuberances of bone scratched on the marble slabs.

"After it had advanced about three feet it stopped.

"I laid down my pipe, still keeping my eye on the unpleasant object, and tried to laugh away the morbid sentiments that had now begun to rise within me. I whispered to myself how much I would have railed at any brother physician should he have told me of experiencing the slightest feeling of nervousness under similar circumstances. Even the students would have retailed the affair as an indication of my weakness had they known it. Surely there were mechanical causes to produce these results. I knew that the unsubstantial could not give motion to the substantial. My Natural Philosophy told me that there must be a force at work to impel that grim fragment of a human frame toward me. Yet what force was it?

"I determined not to leave my seat to attempt a close inspection, fearing to be rewarded by the laughter of those who were endeavoring to astonish me.

"The dreary monotone of the rain and the unearthly sobbing of the wind turned my reflections to a more somber color, and some things came back to me I had read in Robert Dale Owen's 'Footprints on the Boundaries of Another World' — curious things, authenticated by affidavits and all the solemnity of oaths of remarkable revisitants from the grave. While dwelling on these subjects I recalled the many conversations I had had with my patient, now dead and buried some three weeks, Sailor John, and his persistent asseverations of the possibilities of the intellectual spirit returning to this world of the flesh.

"There! The skull moved again. On it came, still sliding along in a direct line toward me.

"Do what I could I could not shake off a feeling of uneasiness and disquiet. I did not like the situation—that about expresses it.

"E—e—e—eke!" grated the skull's bony points on the floor, the sound tingling my

nerves as when one scratches the finger-nail on a brick or rough surface.

"My pulse grew more frequent, I experienced a chilly sensation down my back, and a cold perspiration dampened my forehead.

"Around me the corpses lay, the gaslight making them saffron yellow.

"They at least did not move.

"I could stand this strain no longer. It was unbearable. I was becoming the victim of a weakness for which I would have reprimanded a child.

"With a bound I sprang toward the skull, and stooping, grasped it with my two hands. I lifted it from the floor.

"Out jumped a large rat and ran scampering away. I cannot describe my feelings when I saw the cause of all my discomfiture. At first I laughed, and then became angry with myself for even for a moment allowing such an incident to disturb my equilibrium.

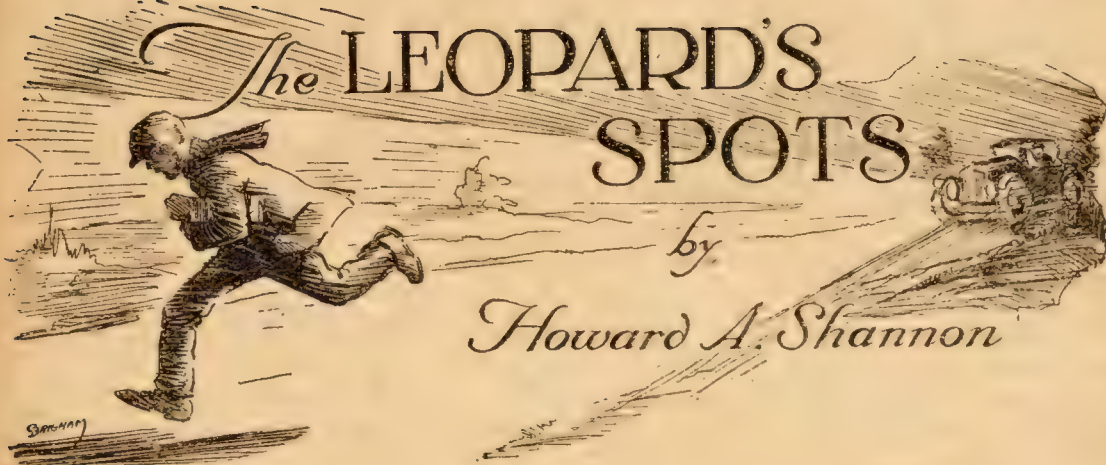
"Examining the skull, I saw how it had occurred. The rat had entered the cavity in which the brain had been through the *foramen magnum* or aperture through which the nerve matter of the spinal column communicates with the brain. The skull turned over, imprisoning the body of the creature, and permitted it the use of his feet only through this *foramen*. He could move the skull, but while it was on the floor he could not get his body out.

"Pasted across the whitened brow was a piece of paper, and on it a student's name—'Henry J. Stubbs'—and below: 'Skull of Sailor John, a King of one of the Polynesian Islands; died May 12, 1909, Charity Hospital.'

"In an instant I remembered the day of the month. It was June 30, the night of John's birthday. His promise to come back to me. He had said he would make himself known to me on that night.

"I regretted the intervention of the rat. Had that animal never have been discovered by me, there would have been an excellent foundation for a ghost story, on which I could have made my affidavit and thus swelled the number of authenticated cases of remarkable spiritual manifestations. But the rat spoiled it all.

"Even with the full explanation of the skull's movements the nervous feeling did not pass off for some time, and even now when June 30 comes around I think of Sailor John and his promise, which, however, he has never fulfilled."



JOHN J. CARROLL left the elevator with a quick, nervous step. His tall figure swung hurriedly down the corridor, through the big double doors and into the offices of the International Detective Agency. Pushing up the cover of his desk, he dropped into a chair, dragged a box of choice Havanas from their hiding-place, and after a careful selection lighted one. Reaching for the still sticky edition of *The Morning News*, he scanned the headlines through a cloud of fragrant smoke. As his glance swept the crimson lettering which heralded the latest sensation, his salient jaws closed with a snap, which decapitated a good cigar.

"NOTORIOUS BANK BURGLAR BREAKS JAIL"

Jabbing furiously at one of a long row of push buttons, Carroll perused the offending paper further. The blonde stenographer, sensing a brewing storm and noting an omission of routine duty, slid quietly around to sort the incoming mail. Carroll, forgetting his customary smile and cheery greeting, looked up with a scowl on his deep-lined face and barked: "Get Hennessy—quick!"

Startled at the unexpected harshness of "The Big Boss's" words, the little blonde made a dash for a near-by door, only to collide with Tim Hennessy hurrying to answer the insistent call of the buzzer set going by his impatient superior.

"Faith, and why the hurry, Miss Grogan?" Hennessy, obese and bald, smelling of pepsin gum and hair restorer, bowed low over the hand of the excited stenographer, while his small gray eyes, set close and deep on each side of an uptilted nose, gleamed with good nature.

"Mr. Carroll wants you immediately."

"Immediate it is then, if not sooner. And immediate or not it isn't fair to rush into me arms so unexpected like. I'm an old man, Miss Grogan, but the pretty face of you is a temptation to any man, and——" But the blushing stenographer had fled. "The chief must be in a hurry," mused Hennessy, as he crossed the room; "sure and that ding-dong sounds like a fire alarm."

"Why the frown this morning, Chief? Did the cow refuse to donate, or——" Hennessy winked at Miss Grogan as he addressed their employer.

"Cut it out!" snapped Carroll testily, "and take a look at that." Thrusting the offending sheet under Hennessy's nasal appendage, he pointed an accusing finger at the glaring scare-head.

Hennessy's small gray eyes expanded in astonishment as he gaped with open mouth at the startling message so ably condensed in one flaming crimson line.

"Now laugh," sputtered Carroll, "but getting your hands on Jimmy Vernon isn't any hee-haw matter. We were lucky the last

time. It took us three years to get the evidence we needed to convict him, the jury let him go with a ten-year sentence, and now after all our warnings those wooden-headed fools in Little Rock manage to hold him just three months. It does beat——"

"Worse than that," growled Hennessy, adjusting his glasses with clumsy digits. Spreading the paper before him, he read in the dull monotone of one unaccustomed to hearing himself enunciate aloud:

"James Leslie Vernon, alias Jimmy Leslie, alias J. L. Vardon, alias James L. Vardine, known to the police of two continents as 'Chicago Jimmy,' safe-blower and all-around crook, made a daring and sensational escape from the Arkansas State Penitentiary last night. Vernon has long been known as a slippery prisoner, but his departure from the confines of the Little Rock institution appears to be without a parallel in the chronicles of crime. While confined in a solitary cell, where he was undergoing punishment for a flagrant violation of prison discipline, he sawed through three sets of chilled steel bars, evaded the watchman on duty in the cell block, scaled a thirty-foot wall, and made good his escape. After leaving the prison grounds the fugitive boldly forced an entrance into the residence of Warden McNutt, appropriated his clothing, money and revolver, and adding insult to injury, left the discarded suit of prison gray neatly draped across the rail of the sleeping official's bed. Vernon was serving a sentence of ten years upon a charge of having been implicated in the robbery of the Merchants' and Planters' Bank of Bald Knob, where the thieves secured more than \$30,000 on the night of September 17, 1916. His arrest and subsequent conviction was effected through the activity of the International Detective Agency, who represent the Bankers' Association in this section of the country. A reward of \$1,000 has been offered for his arrest and detention in any jail in the United States. Vernon is forty-nine years of age, although he appears much younger. He——"

Carroll ran nervous fingers through his thick brown hair. "Never mind the newspaper description, Tim. We have his mug and Bertillon measurements in the gallery, I believe."

"Sure and we have the gentleman's record, and his photograph, and his finger-prints, and——"

"Get them, please!"

Hennessy swung open the door of the fireproof vault, the sides of which were lined with innumerable green pressed safety files. Swiftly he ran through the index. Abbey—Barton—Condon—his trained and active mind flashed a mental picture of the recalcitrants as their names flew past, while he unconsciously labeled each according to his criminal activities as "forger, swindler, con-man"—Darby, Ebert, Fagan—and on down the line—Stanton, Udall, Vernon. Grasping the manila envelope tagged "Vernon," Hennessy hurried back to the presence of his chief.

Unfolding the typewritten record, Carroll carefully read the statements, setting forth all which had been learned of the nefarious pursuits of one James Leslie Vernon, alias "Chicago Jimmy," during the years in which that distinguished exponent of safe-breaking had been matching wits with those who protect the banks from midnight forays. Gazing at the photograph of the versatile and elusive gentleman with the many noms-de-plume, Carroll exclaimed:

"He doesn't look the part, does he, Hennessy? Might be a bank cashier, judging from appearances. Do you remember the occasion on which he attended the meeting of the association in New Orleans, posing as a capitalist who intended to open a string of small banks in Texas? Open 'em! The information he picked up at the meetings enabled him to open a dozen before the country got too hot to hold him. Jimmy is in 'Class A' as a bank-opener, all right."

"Ain't it the truth?" chortled Hennessy.

"We are wasting time, Tim, discussing that matter. We must catch him; the sooner the better. Get a flyer out to our eastern branches. He will probably head straight for Chicago, where he can join some mob working on the other side of the Mississippi. He will hardly dare linger in the West under the circumstances. He is too clever to make that mistake. What do you think? You knew him pretty well once!"

"Sure, Chief, and I know Jimmy. I worked on the Bald Knob case, you'll recollect. His wife came within an inch of crying him out of jail on that occasion. The papers roasted me to a turn for trying to shake her down for information concerning Jimmy's pals and the disposal of the loot. Called me a 'hardened, man-hunting brute,' and me doing my duty. You know her! Old Patsy King's girl, Bess! The little flaxen-haired

daughter of the big Indiana gambler. With the face of a baby and the eyes of a doll. A jane who keeps within the letter of the law herself, but whose mop o' tow disguises the keen brain that has steered Vernon in and out of the——"

"The doubtful seas which lead to the port of Easy Money," added Carroll. "She is as clever as Jimmy, and a lot deeper. She lives or did live in Indianapolis. Runs or did run a millinery store there. Straight, I suppose. We never could get anything on her, and we tried. Vernon will get in touch with her as quickly as possible, and remember, Tim, when you locate Bess Vernon, née King, you won't be a thousand miles away from 'dear Jimmy.'"

"We'd oughter be able to beat him to her. He's broke——"

"Yes, and another bank will be 'broke' just as soon as he can get his hands on a couple of sticks of dynamite. Broke! Much difference that will make to 'Chicago Jimmy.' He knows every crooked saloon keeper and politician in St. Louis, Cleveland, and Chicago, and they know that he always pays his debts. It is a hundred-to-one bet that he is holding down the cushions on a fast train right now, heading East."

James I. Carroll would never have risen to the dignified position he held as general manager of the western branches of the International Detective Agency had he not been a very good guesser. On this occasion, in the parlance of the sporting fraternity, he "had called the turn."

Jimmy Vernon, seated in an observation car on the Vandalia Limited, the P. R. R.'s crack mail train, scanned those same staring scare-heads with a quiet, unassuming grin as the miles reeled out behind him. The first lap of his dash for liberty and the "pursuit of happiness" had been via the rods of the St. Louis Express. A stop-over of two hours in East St. Louis had put him in touch with a certain hotel proprietor whom he had once befriended—and incidentally with five hundred dollars in crisp new bills. Freshly shaven, well-groomed, and entirely at his ease, he little resembled the popular conception of the fleeing felon. Smilingly he digested the information contained in the morning editions. The phrase, "flagrant violation of prison discipline," seemed to especially amuse him. "Wonder if McNutt thought I was fool enough to butt my head against a brick wall?

Wasn't he the rattled old goat when I pulled his whiskers? And when he finds Bess's patent jail breaker's companion he will murder the next "con" who has the crust to ask for an alarm clock. Didn't I want to get up early in the mornings? And I just couldn't awake! So Bess sent me an alarm clock, and he passed it through with his official O.K.—and the main-spring was of the finest temper and all dolled up with a cutting edge. All I had to do was get into solitary confinement, and McNutt's whiskers were an inspiration; so I'm on my way. Two jumps ahead of the devil. Two jumps, and a thousand miles to go. If McGowan got the tip to Bess, she should meet me in Philadelphia. Until then we'll let the coppers do the worrying."

A crowd is a crowd, nothing more, composed as it is of packed humanity coming, going, pushing, backing, jostling, fleeing, hiding, seething, fermenting, until finally a bit of the ferment works over the side, giving vent to other globules that compose it, and then in streams and eddies it dribbles away into the coves and bayous of the city. Sometimes a bit of flotsam from the pool irrepressibly bobs to the surface, making itself seen and felt, not through direct contact, but from sheer aloofness; not by struggling in the vortex, but by clear-brained determination to clear the rapids as quickly as possible. So it was with the crowd spewing from the bowels of the subway; so it was with the woman among them, who neither jostled nor crowded, but who, watching her step, took every advantage offered to clear the scene of commotion as she walked rapidly toward the station entrance. Within the lobby, she consulted her wrist watch and carefully scanned the boards for incoming trains.

Tim Hennessy had compared Bess Vernon to a baby, likening her somewhat to a bisque doll whose ready tears could influence juries more potently than the fervid pleas of well-paid lawyers, and whose saintly physiognomy concealed an active and alert brain. The wife of "Chicago Jimmy" was all of this, and she was more than this. For the grim spiders of the law in their weaving of filiselle webs of evidence had failed to catch the glimmer of the spirit that shone ever within those deep gray eyes—eyes through which the soul was transmuted and found expression. A spirit reflected in the rose-leaf complexion that required no assistance from the rouge pallet; in the golden aura clouding her dainty features; in the slightly tipped nose and full pink lips—

characteristics which an observer with the habits of a spider might mistake and misconstrue. For the chin, firm and unafraid, and the true expression of those eyes escaped them. They were just as prone to be mistaken in their deductions concerning her participation in the nefarious profession followed by her husband; for while Bess Vernon had steered her lucky-go-devil husband out of his escapades, it was his own hand at the helm which steered him into them, landing him in more than one instance behind gray walls. Bess Vernon was not a reformer. Neither did she marry "Chicago Jimmy" in hopes of reforming him. From her father she had learned supreme contempt for the self-styled savior of erring mankind. She was the daughter of a gambler, and she had inherited his intolerance and his broadness. She had married Jimmy Vernon because she loved him, and loving him she had plunged into the quicksands, and with her strength had helped him through.

Came a long-drawn whistle from the train sheds and Bess Vernon, chin lifted, eyes calm and straight ahead, allowed herself to be swallowed in the surge which swept through the grilled gate. She batted not as much as an eye-lash when she saw the beloved figure of the man so nearly lost to her emerging with the Pullman passengers, and not until he had passed the watchers at the gate did she approach him. Then, laying a small hand on his arm, she whispered, "Jimmy!"

"Easy, Bess, easy!" said Jimmy with calm assurance. "We don't want to stage a scene. Trot along to Yo Hung's, and we will talk it over; a crowd is never safe."

Within the sheltering walls of Yo Hung's chop-suey palace all restraint that had peculiarly characterized their first meeting after so many months was lifted. Concealed behind the folds of a screen gaudily resplendent with bright flamingoes and suggestively soothing with its fields of nodding poppies, this denizen of the underworld took his wife in his arms tenderly and, kissing her lips, her eyes, held her close as if in fear that she might dissolve into thin air.

"Oh, Jimmy, I'm so glad! And they can't take you back. Never again! Can they?"

Jimmy patted her curly head with caressing fingers. "Not if I know my business, Bessie, girl, and I think I do. Are you sure that they didn't get a line on you when you skipped out of Indianapolis?"

"Not a chance, Jimmy. I had been expect-

ing it for weeks—ever since Joe Bernstein fixed that alarm-clock, and I had your letter saying you had it. I knew you'd make it somehow, and when I got McGowan's tip I sidestepped every one getting away. I suppose that they are looking for me now—now that they know."

"Let 'em look." Jimmy pushed a button to summons the waiter. "We will shoot a hole in the bill of fare and then talk business. I'm hungry, Honey. A straight diet of bacon and beans, with black coffee and corn-bread, has about ruined my digestion. Doing time isn't a joke, dear, and eating—well, one doesn't exactly enjoy McNutt's idea of a balanced ration."

When the luncheon was served Jimmy again resumed the discussion of ways and means. "The country is going to be hot for your daddy, Bess. They'll comb the cities for me, and they'll tab the outgoing boats. Now I have a hunch that we'd better do the unexpected. Over in the West Virginia hills the powder people are doing things. Hopewell is a boom burg. Ten thousand people making ammunition for the scrapping gentry overseas, and of course that will spell confusion. Strangers are coming in by the trainload, and no questions asked or answered. It should be a pretty good place for a first-class mechanic to light, and McGowan gave me a letter to one of the foremen who was once some grapes in the East St. Louis boodle ring. He will take care of me on Mac's account, and I'm pretty good at taking care of myself. The way I have it figured we'd better go into the powder business temporarily. What says the captain?"

"Anything, Jimmy, just so long as it's straight."

"Straight? Why, sure it will be straight. Couldn't be anything else with my mug floating around in the mails labeled: 'Wanted—\$1,000 Reward.' I couldn't stand a showing up—couldn't and wouldn't. And I'm not going to take any chances. When the smoke clears away, then——"

"We will stay straight, won't we, Jimmy?"

"What is the matter, Bess? Getting nervous in your old age? How do you suppose I'm going to buy you silk dresses and fur coats on any working man's pay? No, I suppose that in the end the game will get us. What's that the prosecuting attorney sprung on the jury down at Bald Knob about 'a leopard never changes its spots'? Once a thief, always one!

But for the next six months we will be more circumspect than the village deacon. Necessity——"

Jimmy Vernon found employment in the big plant at Hopewell. He wasn't particular in picking a job just then, and they put him to work with a wooden shovel loading powder into cases. He worked for three hours. The sweat ran into his eyes, and his hands developed blisters in profusion. A workman lounging near by watched him closely. Shifting his cut of Navy plug, he walked over to Jimmy and asked: "Got any nails in your shoes?" Jimmy grinned as he extended a rubber-soled shoe for inspection. For fifteen years he had worn nothing else, excepting of course the periods when the state had kindly provided the regulation prison brogans; rubber soles and heels had been part of "Chicago Jimmy's" stock-in-trade.

"All right," grunted the husky. "Any one you want us to notify in case you get killed suddenly?"

Jimmy came within an ace of saying "The International Detective Agency," but stopped in time. So he only grinned and resumed his labors.

The loaded powder cases were heavy, and Jimmy had never specialized in manual labor. He tackled the task with the determination which he had always shown in tackling other difficult undertakings, and the pile of loaded cases increased amazingly. His breath was coming in gasps when the shift supervisor reached him.

"Hold on, man! You don't have to do that!" exclaimed that individual as he noticed Jimmy struggling with a loaded case. "Where is your helper?"

"Helper? I haven't a helper. The foreman told me to load and stack these cases, and I'm following instructions. I've seen no one but the inspector."

"Name's Vernon, isn't it?"

Jimmy nodded.

"I sent you a helper two hours ago, and the inspector hasn't made his rounds yet. Surely you are mistaken."

Jimmy shook his head.

"Why, there's your helper. That big fellow standing there." The supervisor pointed towards the pseudo inspector. "Get him and put him to work."

Jimmy waited until the supervisor was out of sight. He had handled many men of many sorts in many situations, and he had gauged

the caliber of his "helper." Walking quietly up to the unsuspecting loafer, Jimmy grabbed him by the collar and deftly kicked him across the room to the empty powder cases. Then, handing him the shovel, he snapped just two words: "Get busy!"

The helper got busy without further loss of time, and Jimmy drove him mercilessly after that. Of course the supervisor heard all about it before night. It was too good to keep. The next morning Jimmy found himself in charge of a labor gang. In three months his proven mechanical ability, inventiveness and tireless activity had earned him a small place in the sun, and his weekly envelope contained the earnings of a fullfledged foreman.

"Chicago Jimmy" and his Bess were living in a company cottage. They had a cow, some chickens and a bank account. Bess worked an eight-hour shift in the loading department. Their combined pay aggregated more than a hundred dollars each week.

"Cigarette money," Jimmy laughingly called it, but being too busy to spend anything, they kept piling it up in the village bank. In six months they had over a thousand to their credit, and Jimmy was one of the most popular men in the plant.

He had worked hard while the plant was making French and British powder, but when Uncle Sam took a hand in the war game the incessant call for powder and more powder spurred him to the highest pitch of endeavor. He felt that he was doing his bit to win the war, and he did that bit like "Chicago Jimmy" did everything else—exceptionally well. He was team captain in the Liberty Loan drives, secretary of the Community Club, manager of the baseball team and a leading light in the local relief work. Bess was equally popular with the girl employees of the plant. As Jimmy expressed it, "She took to honest toil like a wild duck to celery grass."

Jimmy was too busy to read the papers. Otherwise he might have doubted the safety of his retreat. For a band of yeggmen were reaping a rich harvest in the munition towns of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia. Safe after safe yielded up its store of Liberty bonds, Thrift stamps and bankbills. Then a daring raid on a Maryland bank attracted the attention of the International Detective Agency.

John J. Carroll, in far-away Kansas City, bit angrily at his cigar when he read the report from the Washington office. He was

still scowling at the typewritten sheet when Tim Hennessy dropped in for his usual morning consultation. Tossing the message at his satellite, Carroll growled: "Who do you suppose it is, Tim?"

Hennessy wiped his glasses and read the report carefully before he answered. "Let's see! Fay is in the Atlanta prison, Whitey Dunn got bumped off in Buffalo, Australian Eddy is still detained in Canada for that Westminster bank job, Vernon is—unaccounted for. At a rough guess I'd say it would be good policy to keep a weather eye open for 'Chicago Jimmy.' This mob is using the torch. Jimmy is the best oxy-acetylene juggler in the business. They are making their get-aways in a car, of course. Jimmy always did. Looks like Mister James Leslie Vernon, doesn't it, Chief?"

"Funny how great minds run in the same channel, Hennessy. I'm ready to stake my bank account against a stack of browned buckwheats that Jimmy is making hay while the sun doesn't shine through slats."

"And he is some little haymaker, the slippery cuss."

"What went with his girl, Tim? Didn't we try to locate her when Jimmy jumped the cut down in Arkansas?"

"Sure! And much good it did us. She was gone when the Indianapolis police called at her address. Of course she didn't leave a copy of her sailing instructions for our edification. So far we haven't been able to get any sort of a line on her, but it is a cinch bet that she joined Jimmy."

"That should simplify matters a bit. Bess Vernon isn't an ordinary looker; they'll be playing the swell hotels; Jimmy always does when he has the kale in big bunches—Washington, Baltimore, Richmond. I guess you'd better pack a grip and report to the Washington office, Tim. I have a hunch that we are playing the right dope on this lay-out. So get busy!"

Tim Hennessy, obese and bald, smelling of pepsin gum and hair restorer, reached Washington twenty-four hours later.

Jimmy Vernon, working the split shift, started home at midnight. The crisp October air had the sting of coming winter. He snuggled his collar a bit closer around his neck and hurried onward through the sleeping village. To avoid the cutting wind he hugged the buildings closely, his rubber-soled shoes making no sound. Directly across the street from

the local bank he paused. Something was moving in the shadows of the building which housed his hard-earned wealth. The purr of a racing motor hummed steadily far off to the right. A sudden flare against the ceiling of the bank building sent his heart throbbing into his throat. Burglars were robbing the bank. An oxy-acetylene torch was playing on the face of the steel safe, gnawing into its vitals as rapidly and quietly as a rat gnaws into cheese. Jimmy Vernon had a thousand odd dollars in that tin "cracker-box," as he himself had derisively dubbed the village bank vault.

Jimmy knew full well the futility of ordinary plans for interference. Too many times had he checkmated ill-organized opposition to his own nefarious undertakings not to fully realize the immunity of a professional mob of bank burglars from tentative resistance. In the old days he had laughed at opposition. "Why don't the d— fools stay in bed and attend to their own business? The insurance companies have to make their losses good, but they won't buy 'em wooden overcoats if they get croaked doing the hero stunt."

But *was* his money protected? It took him two minutes to make a decision. Then he raced through the dark at top speed. His latch-key turned smoothly and the door swung open. Upstairs Bess stirred uneasily in her sleep. Jimmy gave one glance at the home he had helped to build, at the books and pictures, the trinkets and valueless valuables which are dear to the heart of every housewife. These things meant much to "Chicago Jimmy" just then. For on the morrow the town would be full of smart coppers, and every man in the village would be under suspicion. Once let them get their eyes on him and the jig would be up—and ten years.

Jimmy didn't stop to analyze his feelings. He ran to the basement, switched on the light and snatched at a nail protruding from the wall. A panel fell back, revealing a collection of queerly constructed tools, which gleamed and glimmered in the rays of the light. Like all eminent strategists, "Chicago Jimmy" believed in preparedness. Deep down in his heart he felt that sooner or later he would be forced back into the ranks of the criminal classes, and he was ready for the emergency. The tools of his trade lay in front of him. His hand clutched the butt of a heavy single-action Colt. Slipping the weapon into a side pocket of his coat, he gave one last look at the interior of the only place he had ever called

home and slid into the night on noiseless feet. As he ran he tried to figure it out. They had a car of course. Jug-men, peter-grifters—first-class bank thieves believe in the efficiency of six purring cylinders. The front of the building would be protected by a lookout. Jimmy had no doubt it was that member whom he had glimpsed lurking in the shadows. It was equally certain that they would protect the rear from attack. Where lay the weak line in their chain of defense? In an instant the answer shot through Jimmy's brain—a brain trained in every subterfuge and expedient of the underworld.

"The car."

Swinging around the building in a wide circle, he stopped to catch the exhaust of the racing engine. Thieves never take a chance on an engine going dead. They keep it running for safety's sake, and that fact was well known to "Chicago Jimmy." Far down the road in the shadow of a giant oak the black outlines of a high-powered car loomed dusily. With infinite caution Jimmy crept near. The man at the wheel sat expectant, anxious, listening and watching for the signal from his confederates. Jimmy, strategist to the last, made his attack from the rear. Leaping lightly to the running board, he jabbed the cold muzzle of the forty-five squarely into the back of the chauffeur's neck.

"Sit steady, ol' timer, sit steady! Take your hands off that wheel or the contents of your think-tank will muss up the trimmings of this gasoline buggy. Sit steady, I say!"

"Wot in 'ell? Who——" The startled driver sputtered.

"Easy, easy, brother! I haven't shot a man in a year, and this smoke-pole has a touchy trigger. I'm just a chump—an ordinary yap, a darn fool with a thousand bucks planted in that tin thingum-bob your pals are prying open so easily. A thousand bucks I worked for; do you know what that means—worked for?"

In the rear of the bank the gleam of a flash-light swung in an arc through the darkness. Just what the signal meant Jimmy hadn't the slightest idea, but he intended to find out without further loss of time.

"Now, ol' timer, obey that signal. And if you ever expect to renew your acquaintance with your loving family, step lively!"

"I gotta move me mitts, ain't I? I can't give 'em de high-ball holdin' on to this blankety blank wheel. Say, go easy with that gat;

is yuh tryin' to stick it through muh neck? I don't tumble to your play, but you're the boss. It's your say."

"You bet! An' I'll do the talking—all that's needed. Step lively with that high-sign."

The driver leaned forward. First the left headlight flashed, then the right winked and winked again—and went out. "'At's all right. What yuh going tuh do? Is I pinched?"

"No, you ain't pinched—you're poked." Jimmy jabbed the barrel of the six-gun a little harder against the fat neck.

"Ouch! What yer tryin' tuh do? Gornamighty!"

With a quick leap Jimmy was in the car, the barrel of the gun pressed heavily on the front button of the driver's seat. "Out with you! Quick! Hit the grit!"

The nonplussed bandit had no choice in the matter. He didn't like the tone of Jimmy's voice. It seemed to presage sudden death. Bank watchmen had noted that strange quality on numerous occasions and as meekly complied with Jimmy's demands.

Together they crouched in the shadow of the hedge.

Suddenly and without warning four forms shot out of the dark and dashed for the car. Jimmy caught the glint of firearms in their hands. His prisoner lunged at him with a yell. "Here he is, boys; here he is. I got him!"

Jimmy raised the heavy Colt and brought it down across his assailant's temple. The man dropped like a log. The staccato bark of four spraying automatics warned Jimmy of his immediate danger. Falling flat on his stomach, he aimed carefully at the flashes. Somewhere in the darkness a body crashed to the ground. A stinging, searing pain darted through Jimmy's shoulder. He staggered and nearly fell. A man ran towards him, cursing, his gun spitting a leaden hail. Jimmy shot him as calmly as he might have executed a chicken. The two remaining members of the gang sought safety in flight. Jimmy climbed into the car and switched on the lights. A tall man, carrying a bundle under his arm, was running down the road at top speed. Jimmy threw in the clutch and raced after him. The man dropped the bundle and scuttled through the trees. Jimmy picked up the bundle of banknotes and securities and deposited the bundle in the car. Then he drove back to the scene of carnage. His flash-light showed him one red-bearded,

elderly man, shot through the head, killed insanity. The chauffeur lay groaning, semi-conscious. The third man was dragging a broken leg, dragging at it vainly in his efforts to escape. The injured men Jimmy helped into the car. Then he drove straight to the guard headquarters at the plant.

"Captain, I beg to report that bank robbers invaded the village, ran into the arms of a stronger force and were captured. You'll find the money they tried to annex intact, I think. I'm tired—and sleepy—and I want to get home." Jimmy's voice trailed off in a whisper as he slumped forward in a senseless lump.

Tim Hennessy reached Hopewell as quickly as gasoline could get him there. He interviewed the wounded malefactors, whom he easily identified as notorious Western bank thieves. The dead burglar he recognized as "Miner Red," wanted in a score of states on a hundred counts.

"Where is the guy who made the collar?" queried Hennessy excitedly. "Bring him in. I want to see the color of his eyes. Any man game enough to tackle that combination single-handed ought to get a Carnegie medal—or a leather one. He is either the nerviest gink that ever happened, or the biggest damn fool running foot-loose. Bring him in; I want to give him the glad mitt anyhow."

Colonel Neely, U. S. A., ordnance officer in command of the plant, reached for the phone. "Mr. Vernon is under the care of his wife. She says that he isn't able to get about just yet. Flesh wound in the shoulder. We gave him first-aid treatment and sent him home for a ten-day vacation on pay. He earned that, I think."

"I should say so!" chortled Hennessy. "Ten days' pay against a wooden overcoat! I'll say he shakes a mean gun, whoever in h—— he might be. Can I see him at his house? Gee, Colonel, you don't realize what that gink done! One chance in a million and he put it through. We didn't know that 'Miner Red' was in the country. He was a killer, regular gun-man. Remnant of the old mining camp stick-up gangs. Went to South America with 'Butch' Cassidy and 'Kid' Curry. The rest of the gang we know pretty well. Ordinary peter-men. Long on nerve and short on brains. Guess the smart guy got away. We have a hunch that a lamster from Arkansas was planning these jobs, an' old-time high-flyer—'Chicago Jimmy.'"

"Never met the gentleman," laughed the

colonel, "but I'll have my orderly drive you down to Mr. Vernon's residence if you care to have a talk with him in regard to the matter. He is an exceptional chap in every way. One of the best men we have at the plant. Quiet and unassuming, but always on the job. And his wife is a clever woman who has been of much service to us in our work amongst the working girls. You will find them interesting."

"Safest bet yuh ever made! Interesting ain't quite the word. I'm plumb excited over meeting the stiff who nailed an' old he-wole like 'Miner Red' and saved one of our clients sixty thousand odd dollars. He is entitled to a reward, and I'm going to make it my business to see that he gets it.

Mrs. James Leslie Vernon's chin set in a straight hard line when she answered the bell and confronted Tim Hennessy, obese and bald, smelling of pepsin gum and hair restorer.

Hennessy didn't recognize Patsy King's daughter in blue gingham and white apron. "I'd like to see Mr. Vernon, madam. A matter of business," Tim explained.

"Come in. My husband is still rather weak—and a little nervous I'm afraid."

"Got a right to be." Hennessy's jaw sagged as he stepped into the living-room and faced James Leslie Vernon, alias "Chicago Jimmy," safe-blower and all-around crook. "Gawd! I'm batty as a loon! Is it—or ain't it—'Chi-ca-go Jim-my?'"

"At your service." Jimmy smiled a queer twisted smile and put a protecting arm around Bess's shaking shoulders. "A leopard never changes its spots, Hennessy! I'm still 'Chicago Jimmy,' but I'm rather pleased to meet you—*under the circumstances.*"

Hennessy gulped. The face of him turned brick-red. Jimmy didn't bat an eyelash.

"Mind what the papers said down in Bald Knob? They called Tim Hennessy a 'hardened, man-hunting brute.' I'm not that, Vernon. I'm just a plain man making a living in the only way I know how. Maybe I have been hard. We coppers have to be hard. If we wasn't hard every jane who could pull a heart-breaking yarn would cheat us of our prey. Just like Bess tried to cheat us——"

"Never mind Bess, Hennessy; what are you going to do. You know I'm wanted in Arkansas. You know the place is a living hell. After pulling McNutt's whiskers I'd have as much chance as a snowball in hades to live out ten years under his tender jurisdiction.

"I'm not going back. I don't want to kill any one; I want to be left alone; I'm on the square now, and I'll stay on the square if you coppers keep your hands off. And if you don't, I'll swap out with a few of you. Get me?"

"Sure an' I believe you mean that, Vernon. I'm not going to say anything. I'm not going to do anything until I talk the matter over with Mr. Carroll. I have to do my duty; I'm taking my pay from him, and I'll play fair with my employer. I hope he can fix it. It would be a damn shame to send you back after last night's work, and if the 'con's' ever heard about that they'd murder you, Jimmy."

Jimmy nodded. "But I'm not going back, Hennessy—not alive. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"He isn't going back. You can't take him from me." Bess Vernon faced the representative of the International Detective Agency with the courage of a lioness defending her young. "I'll kill the man who tries it—with my own hands."

Hennessy, regaining his composure, smiled at the pair, asked a few irrelevant questions and excused himself.

In a few days Jimmy Vernon returned to work. He and Bess had decided to stick it out come what might. They could have made their escape easily enough. There was nothing to stop them. It was the logical thing to do. Probably it was what Hennessy expected them to do. But Bess convinced Jimmy that it would be the foolish thing to do. "Look at it right, Jimmy boy! We have made good here. We have friends—lots of them. They will stick with us—if we stick with each other, if we continue to travel the road called 'straight.' We've got to do it, Honey. There's no other way. If we ran for it—I know you, Jimmy, and I know that once your enmity is aroused against those who protect society—you'd fight. In the end they'd get you. Then what would become of me?"

When Jimmy returned from the plant after his first day's work Bess met him at the door. In her hands she carried a telegraph message. Jimmy tore it open and read: "Will report to Carroll in Kansas City. Hope that you receive your reward.—Hennessy."

"Now, what in hell does he mean by that?" frowned Jimmy, while Bess watched his face anxiously. "Well, we are standing pat, little lady; let 'em crack their whip!"

John J. Carroll sat idly at his desk. The

little blonde stenographer, noting his look of abstraction, slipped to his side and called his attention to the contents of a telegram lying open on the table.

"Thanks, Miss Grogan, I have seen it," Carroll exclaimed as he ran his fingers through his thick brown hair and blew smoke rings at the ceiling. "Mr. Hennessy will be here shortly unless the Limited is late."

The door swung open to admit Tim Hennessy, obese and bald, smelling of pepsin gum and hair restorer. "Good-morning, Miss Grogan; it's sweet-looking you are this bright morning." The stenographer blushed and Tim Hennessy chuckled as he turned to address his superior. "How does the boss feel to-day? Sure and he's a handsome man when he smiles."

Carroll's smile spread to a grin as he shook hands with his most popular operative. "Congratulations, Tim! I just received your wire, and I'm dying to hear the particulars."

"It isn't Tim Hennessy you should be after congratulating, Chief, but your old friend, the enemy—'Chicago Jimmy.' He jumped in where no one else would have dared venture, and he put it across."

"So it was Vernon, was it? I understood from the papers the fourth man escaped."

"It's not the fourth man I'm talking about, Chief. It's the first man—the guy what made the collar."

"Do I infer from your statement that you mean to say 'Chicago Jimmy' made the arrest? Who's crazy—you or I—or both of us? Let's get the straight of this."

He got it straight at last. Hennessy had a hard time convincing him of the facts in the case, but eventually he succeeded.

Carroll straightened in his chair. "Well, Tim, under the circumstances, we can't send him back to do the bit he owes. As luck would have it, I went to school with Governor Donaghue; I know him better than most men, and I'm pretty certain that he will pardon Vernon when he learns the facts in the case. I'll run down and see him personally. And until then you may let the matter rest."

"Rest is right, Chief! I haven't got any further business with the said 'Chicago Jimmy.' I'm not ready to croak, and he wasn't kidding any one when he said he'd swap out with a few coppers before he'd go back. When that swapping-out comes off I'm going to be amongst those absent."

Carroll laughed heartily at Hennessy's evident disinclination to meet Vernon under cer-

tain conditions, and Miss Grogan joined in the merriment. Hennessy turned red and made a hasty exit, exclaiming as he left the room: "An' the ones he don't get 'll have to face that hell-cat!"

James Leslie Vernon is now assistant superintendent in one of the new factories which replaced the munition plants after the war ended. James Leslie, Jr., is learning to walk. Bess is interested in suffrage, and if the women

get the right to vote she will probably seek the nomination for congress.

James J. Carroll has on exhibition in his office as fine a lot of hand-made burglar's tools as one would be likely to find in these hard times. They came by express from a West Virginia town a few days after Vernon received his pardon from the Arkansas executive. The printed card enclosed with them bore the words: "A leopard *can* change its spots—Chicago Jimmy."

HOW FISH EXPRESS THEIR EMOTIONS

MANY quaint ideas were held by the ancients with respect to fishes and there are innumerable legends illustrating their habits. According to them, they held converse with man, and not infrequently aided him in his daily occupations, thus showing that they possessed nearly all the attributes of human beings, though in a lesser degree. It has been demonstrated that fishes and the higher land animals are largely swayed by the same emotions and give rational expression to them.

Fishes erect their scales or fin rays when under the influence of anger or terror, exactly as feathers or hairs are erected in birds and animals. As fishes have eyes without movable eyelids and cheeks encased with bony plates or covered with hard scales, which are hardly suitable for smiling, one cannot expect to find facial expressions, as of joy, pain, and astonishment, so well marked as in some of the higher animals. Recent demonstrations, however, have shown change of color to be one of the best indexes to the emotions.

When the fish is sick its color is apt to be faint, as when in health, anger, or breeding, the colors stand out brightly and vividly. Among the best examples of the effect of the emotions on color are the parrotfish and stickleback. These species have violent tempers and appear to be always carrying imaginary chips on their shoulders. During the breeding season combats between the males are exceedingly common. When fighting their Joseph coats stand out with amazing brilliancy, but after the combat is over the defeated one, with colors faded, hides his disgrace among his more pacific companions.

Fishes are charged with being voiceless, but nothing could be further from the truth, since

there are more than three hundred species that are known to produce sound. The Sciaenidae are probably the best examples of the falsity of this notion, for they emit noises that may be heard from a depth of twenty fathoms. It has been suggested that the story of the songs of the sirens originated in the utterances of these fishes traveling in schools.

When captured the scad, or horse-mackerel, the globefish, the grunt, the pigfish and the hogfish make sounds resembling the grunting of pigs, while one of the best known fishes on the Atlantic seaboard, the croaker, gets its name from the croak it gives when caught. Carp also croak when taken out of the water.

The legend of the Pascagoula River and its mysterious music has been explained as the noise made by seadrums. It may often be heard on summer evenings. The listener being on the beach, or, yet more favorably, in a boat floating on the river, a low, plaintive sound is heard rising and falling like that of an æolian harp, and seeming to issue from the water. The sounds, which are sweet and exceedingly plaintive, cease as soon as there is any noise, or disturbance of the water.

When Humboldt first visited the South Seas an extraordinary noise startled the crew one evening. At first it was like the beating of many drums in the distance, and then the sounds seemed to come from the ship herself, near the poop. At first the terrified crew thought that the vessel had sprung a leak, but it was soon discovered that the sounds were produced by fishes.

Formerly it was believed that fishes could not hear, as they have no ears, but anatomists have proved that they have internal organs of hearing.

The Reward of Kindness

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN

ONE very hot evening the priest of San Pedro, a village distant but a few leagues from Seville, returned very much fatigued to his poor home; his working housekeeper, Senora Margarita, about seventy years of age, awaited him. However much any one might have been accustomed to distress and privation among the Spanish peasantry, it was impossible not to be struck with the evidence of poverty in the house of the good priest. The nakedness of the walls and scantiness of the furniture were apparent from a certain air about them of better days. Senora Margarita had just prepared for her master's suppers an olla-podrida, which, notwithstanding the sauce and high-sounding name, was nothing more than the remains of his dinner, which she had disguised with the greatest skill. The priest, gratified at the odor of this savory dish, exclaimed:

"Thank God, Margarita, for this dainty dish. By San Pedro, friend, you may well bless your stars to find such a supper in the house of your host."

At the word host, Margarita raised her eyes and beheld a stranger who accompanied her master. The face of the old dame assumed suddenly an expression of wrath and disappointment. Her angry glances fell on the new-comer, and again on her master, who looked down and said with the timidity of a child who dreads the remonstrance of a parent:

"Peace, Margarita, where there is enough for two there is always enough for three; and you would not have wished me to leave a Christian to starve? He has not eaten for three days!"

"Saint Maria! He a Christian! He looks more like a robber"; and muttering to herself, the housekeeper left the room.

During this parley the stranger remained motionless at the threshold of the door. He was tall, with long black hair and flashing eyes. His clothes were in tatters, and the

long rifle which he carried excited distrust rather than favor.

"Must I go away?" he inquired.

The priest replied with an emphatic gesture:

"Never shall he whom I shelter be driven away or made unwelcome. But sit down, put aside your gun, let us say grace and to our repast."

"I never quit my weapon; as the proverb says, two friends are one; my rifle is my best friend; I shall keep it between my knees. Though you may not send me from your house till it suits me, there are others who would make me leave theirs against my will, and perhaps headforemost. Now to your health; let us eat."

The priest himself, although a man of good appetite, was amazed at the voracity of the stranger, who seemed to bolt rather than eat almost the whole of the dish, besides drinking the whole flask of wine, and leaving none for his host, or scarcely a morsel of the enormous loaf which occupied a corner of the table. While he was eating so voraciously he started at the slightest noise. If a gust of wind suddenly closed the door, he sprang up, and leveling his rifle, seemed determined to repel intrusion. Having recovered from his alarm, he sat down and went on with his repast.

"Now," said he, speaking with his mouth full, "I must tax your kindness to the utmost. I am wounded in the thigh, and eight days have passed without its being dressed. Give me a few bits of linen, then you shall be rid of me."

"I do not wish to rid myself of you," replied the priest, interested in his guest in spite of his threatening demeanor or his strangely excited conversation. "I am somewhat of a doctor; you will not have the awkwardness of a country barber of dirty bandages to complain of. You shall see."

So speaking, he drew forth from a closet a bundle containing all things needed, and

turning up his sleeves, prepared himself to discharge the duties of a surgeon.

The wound was deep. A ball had passed through the stranger's thigh, who, to be able to walk, must have exerted strength and courage more than human.

"You will not be able to proceed on your journey to-day," said the priest, probing the wound with the satisfaction of an amateur surgeon. "You must remain here to-night; good rest will restore your health and abate the inflammation, and the swelling will go down."

"I must depart to-day, at this very hour," replied the stranger, with a mournful sigh. "There are some who wait for me, others who seek me," he added, with a ferocious smile. "Come, let us see, have you done your dressing? Good, here am I, light and easy, as if I never had been wounded. Give me a loaf; take this gold in payment for your hospitality, and farewell."

The priest refused the tendered gold with emphasis.

"As you please—pardon me and farewell." So saying, the stranger departed, taking with him the loaf which Margarita had so unwillingly brought at her master's order. Soon his tall figure disappeared in the foliage of the wood about the village.

An hour later the report of firearms was heard. The stranger reappeared, bleeding and wounded in the breast. He was ghastly and dying.

"Here," said he, presenting the old priest with some pieces of gold. "My children in the ravine — in the wood — near the little brook."

He fell, just as half a dozen soldiers rushed in, arms in hand. They met with no resistance from the wounded man, whom they closely bound, and after some time allowed the priest to dress his wound; but in spite of all his remarks on the danger of moving a man so severely wounded, they placed him on a cart.

"Basta," said they, "he can but die. He is the great robber, Don Jose de la Ribera."

Jose thanked the good priest with a motion of his head, then asked for a glass of water, and as the priest stooped to put it to his lips he faintly said:

"You remember?"

The priest replied with a nod, and when the troops had departed, in spite of the remonstrances of Margarita, who represented to him the danger of going out in the night, and

the inutility of such a step, he quickly crossed the wood toward the ravine, and there found the dead body of a woman, killed, no doubt, by some stray shot from the guards. A baby lay at her breast, by her side a fine boy, about four years old, who was endeavoring to wake her, pulling her by the sleeve, thinking she had fallen asleep, and calling her mamma. One may judge of Margarita's surprise when the priest returned with two children on his arms.

"Santa Madre! What can this mean? What will you do in the night? We have not even sufficient food for ourselves, and yet you bring two children. I must go and beg from door to door for them and ourselves. And who are these children? The sons of a bandit—a gypsy; and worse, perhaps. Have they ever been christened?"

At this moment the infant uttered a plaintive cry.

"We cannot afford a nurse. He must use the bottle; and you have no idea of the wretched nights we shall have with him."

"You will sleep, in spite of all," replied the good priest.

"Oh, Madre de Dios! He cannot be more than six months old. Happily I have a little milk here. I must warm it!" and forgetting her anger, Margarita took the infant from the priest, kissed it, and soothed it to rest. She knelt before the fire, stirred the embers to heat the milk quicker, and when this little one had had enough, she put him to sleep, and the other had his turn. While Margarita gave him some supper, undressed him, and made him a bed of the priest's cloak, the good-old man related to her how he had found the children — in what manner they had been bequeathed to him.

"Oh, that is fine and good!" said Margarita; "but how can they and we be fed?"

The priest took the Bible and read aloud: "Whoever shall give even a cup of cold water to one of the least, being a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

"Amen," said the housekeeper, piously.

The next day the good father ordered the burial of the poor woman, and he himself read the service over her grave.

Twelve years from that time the priest of San Pedro, then seventy years of age, was warming himself in the sun, in front of his house. It was winter, and there had been no sunshine for two days.

Beside him stood a boy, ten or twelve years of age, reading aloud the daily prayers, and from time to time casting a look of envy on a youth, tall, handsome and muscular, who labored in the garden adjoining that of the priest. Margarita, being now blind, was listening attentively, when the younger boy exclaimed: "Oh, what a beautiful car!" as a splendid automobile drove up near the door.

A chauffeur, richly dressed, dismounted, and asked the old priest to give him a glass of water for his master.

"Carlos," said the priest, to the younger boy, "give this man a glass of water, and add to it a glass of wine, if he will accept it. Be quick."

The gentleman alighted from the machine. He seemed about fifty.

"Are the children your nephews?" inquired he.

"Much better," said the priest; "they are mine; by adoption, be it understood."

"How so?"

"I shall tell you; for I can refuse nothing to a gentleman; for, poor and inexperienced in the world as I am, I need good advice how best to provide for these two boys."

"Make soldiers of them in the king's guard; and, in order to keep up a suitable appearance, he must allow them a pension of six thousand pesos."

"I asked your advice, senor, and not mockery."

"And you must have your church rebuilt, and by the side of it a pretty house, with

handsome iron railings to inclose the whole. When this work will be complete, it shall be called the church of the Vaso d'Agua. Here is the plan of it—will it suit you?"

"What can this mean?"

"What vague remembrance is thine! These features, this voice, mean that I am Don José de la Ribera. Twelve years ago I was a brigand. I escaped from prison, and the times have changed. I have become the chief of a political party. You befriended me. You have been a father to my children. Let them come to embrace me—let them come!" and he opened his arms to receive them.

When he had long pressed them and kissed them by turns, with tears and half-uttered expressions of gratitude, he held out his hand to the old priest.

"Well, father, will you not accept the church?"

The priest, greatly moved, turned to Margarita, and said:

"Whosoever shall give even the cup of cold water unto one of the least, being my disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

"Amen," responded the old dame, who wept for joy at the happiness of her master and his children by adoption, at whose departure she also grieved.

Twelve months afterwards Jose de la Ribera and his two sons attended the consecration of the church of San Pedro, one of the prettiest churches in the environs of Seville.

ANCIENT SHIP WONDER

AN ancient Syracusan ship—a Greek Mauretania—that carried vast cargoes and had a gymnasium, bath, lounge and gardens aboard, was described by Prof. W. S. Ferguson of Harvard in a lecture in Boston, Mass., on Greek economic development.

Prof. Ferguson gave a minute description of the great ship, the wonder of its time. He said it was of the three-deck type, with 20 banks of oars, that required one whole year in building and which was manned by a crew of 300 sailors, together with 100 marines. In its hold it could carry 110,000 bushels of wheat, wool, thousands of jars of salt fish and other foodstuffs. Its cabins were decorated with

elaborate mosaics, one set of them picturing all of the Iliad. Its chambers included a gymnasium, a lounge with a "book shelf," a bath provided with 50 gallons of water, stalls for horses, "gardens" or conservatories, and, in addition to all these luxuries and necessities, it had equipment and engines of defense which gave it the character almost of a ship of war. In such achievements as these, the ship having been built at a time even when economic decay had begun to beset Greece, Prof. Ferguson said he could not avoid the conclusion that theories of Greek infantility in economic development found little support.



The JINX'S NIGHT OFF

by
Arthur William Lockwood

THAT ancient spur to man's flagging courage, a woman's taunt, had the usual effect upon Jimmy the Dauber, peerless porch-climber and safe-cracker extraordinary.

Molly was pretty, and when she told Jimmy he was afraid he went straightaway on the fool's errand of reconnoitering around Pelton Hill, atop of which the imposing old Sidesly mansion flung defiance in the teeth of all who entertained designs upon its antique safe or historic silverware.

Crooks never accepted this challenge because they were fearful of the jinx known to abide in the place. Strong bars nor burglar alarms could not have furnished such complete protection as this intangible thing. Thieves regarded a prison sentence as the consequences of bungling, so pride of craftsmanship kept them taking chances. But to operate in the realm of a jinx, risking unimaginable horrors, was beyond the pale of sanity.

Naturally wild stories about Pelton Manor were current among the night-working gentry. Raconteurs of them always had audiences as wide-eyed and credulous as children hearing about the bogey-man at bedtime.

This superstition dated from the night, ten years before, when Monk Mulligan had attempted the Sidesly library vault and had met a fate mysterious and, from all accounts, terrible. Since that exploit, Pelton Manor had been criminal holy ground and unmolested.

Molly, being the belle of the underworld, was wooed by its male denizens. When Jimmy's ascendancy in her favor became apparent a number of individuals automatically became his enemies. He was surprised to find that jealousy of his good fortune was not confined to the coterie of theft, but extended so far as to embrace Patrolman Softshoe Sorrigan. Softshoe's prowess as a thief-catcher was about to garner coveted promotion for him. This ambition was displaced by one which involved the disastrous ruin of one Jimmy the Dauber.

But Jimmy saw Molly often, and his progress toward her heart reached a point where they talked of marriage. When not busy dodging Softshoe, he found opportunities to tell her in glittering language how he intended to go away with her to a little farm and the straight life. He would make one big killing and then—departure for their elysium. A real-estate agent had given him added inspiration in the form of surprisingly low quotations on desired property. These meant the easy accessibility of his dream.

Molly was less enthusiastic about Jimmy's visionings. She apprised him rather scornfully that talking was becoming his habit at the expense of action and accomplishment. The idea was beautiful, she admitted, but qualified herself by scoffing at Jimmy's ability to carry it out.

"It's a cinch!" he insisted; "twenty thou-

sand bucks ain't no big haul! All I gotta do is stick one good job over, an we're all set!"

"Umph!" sniffed Molly. "It ain't no big haul, ain't it? Why, they's only one joint in this town where yuh c'd git that much, an' y' ain't got th' nerve tuh try it."

"I ain't huh?" Jimmy retorted quickly, stung by her disparaging tone. "Tell me where 't is an' see."

"Sidesly's," replied Molly. Her conclusiveness indicated the discussion was at an end. She saw Jimmy swallow hard and stiffen as though she had pronounced his doom.

"Pelton Manor!" thought Jimmy. "Gosh! that's more'n I expected." But daunted he would not be in Molly's presence. "Awe, d'ye think I fall fer that stuff that's goin' around about that joint," he countered aloud and as breezily as reviving courage would permit. "Pelton Manor's a pipe fer me."

Molly laughed, but only because that tone of laughter told, more articulately than words, that she was familiar with the ways of bragadocio.

"Well, let's see yuh do it then," she challenged.

"Yer on," replied Jimmy with heroic promptness; "this week."

Molly could scarcely believe her ears. The man before her seemed not indifferent toward placing his head in the lion's mouth, but anxious to do so soon. There was something about him now she did not understand.

"If you git away wit' that job you're goin' some," she said simply.

"Jest you watch me, that's all," Jimmy said, inwardly watching the burning bridges behind him collapse.

On the night Jimmy had selected to erect his little landmark in criminal history, he called on Molly early. Molly's skepticism waned ever so slightly when he arrived at her apartment attired and equipped for work. By her attitude, though, she showed she still doubted his courage. She reserved for future reference her prediction he would flunk at the eleventh hour.

Jimmy's courage, instead of failing, gained more and more strength as the hour for action approached. His spirits had made a decided nothing when he left Molly at midnight. When he arrived at the foot of the broad terraces surrounding the old house he was in actual good humor. If some one had mentioned jinx to him he would have laughed. The fear of it every one entertained now im-

pressed him as a good joke. Some antic of psychology seemed to have bolstered him, for never in his life had he started out on a job with fewer forebodings than he had as he approached this dreaded job.

His temerity thus reinforced, it was a deliberate Jimmy that sauntered up to the building, taking only the precaution of keeping in the shadows of trees which were scattered about the lawns. He had planned every move carefully, and had decided upon a particular northwest cellar window as the best means of entry. Once through that and he had but to climb a short flight of stairs to reach a hall that led to the library. In this library was the safe. The exact location of it was as well known to every crook as the Treasure Islands are to mariners.

The cellar window yielded easily before the skilful leverage of his jimmy. He was through it and into the cellar quickly. With the aid of his flash-light he found the stairs and was up them. The door he found there, he had expected, would be locked. To his surprise, it was not. The Sideslys were evidently growing careless with years of immunity. He was now in the hall, and he knew four steps to the right would bring him to the library door. It gave when he touched it. Not even locked! How easy it had been! He was glad he had planned his entrance carefully.

The safe was in its famous corner. He went directly to it, picking his way through the furniture with sparing use of his flash-light. He dropped to his knees before the old vault and fumbled with the dial. Again he had made an unnecessary move. The safe was open!

A fortune was accessible! He could scarcely believe his senses. He swung the ponderous door back and let his flash-light ray play upon the contents of the drawers as he opened them. With a practiced hand he sorted the valuable from the valueless among the mass of papers. He picked up a money bag and shook it lightly. Coins jingled within it. Into this he dumped a box of jewels, and after them several stacks of bills.

Now for a quick, silent getaway, and he would rival Monte Cristo. He moved so carefully not even a board creaked during his tiptoed passage from the library to the cellar stairs. Softly, too, he stole down these steps. One step at a time he went lest something should go wrong at this last minute. His foot was on the lowermost of these boards when, click! the cellar was flooded with light.

Jimmy blinked at the glistening muzzle of a

revolver into which he found himself looking. He fell backwards to a sitting posture on the steps and his hands went up instinctively. Jimmy was palsied with fear at first, and then, to his great relief, he saw that his captor was none other than Softshoe Sorrigan.

"Well," said Sorrigan, surveying the crouching Jimmy with an equivocal smile on his lips, "I've got the goods on little Jimmy at last, have I? That's fine; yep, it couldn't be better." Sorrigan did not lower the pistol a fraction of an inch, though his voice indicated triumph for him was all over but the shouting.

Jimmy was too nonplussed to speak. Sorrigan made an old familiar motion. He was reaching for handcuffs. Jimmy cringed like a mud turtle as the officer brought them forth. Sorrigan had no intention of letting so important a catch escape him. To insure this was to manacle his captive quickly, and he was now reaching for Jimmy's hands.

As the officer bent forward Jimmy saw, out of the whirling maze of fright and surprise which his mind had been, an opportunity. It showed itself in the form of a glistening spike protruding from the ceiling not over three inches above Sorrigan's head. Jimmy glanced at the pistol and saw that the officer, in adjusting the handcuffs, had inadvertently pointed it away from his breast. With his two hands he seized the officer's head, and with all his strength pushed it upward. It had been a lightning movement; the nail dug deep into the base of Sorrigan's skull and he fell to the floor unconscious.

Jimmy feared Sorrigan was dead. This precipitated a mental frenzy of concern for his own safety. He was fearful other policemen might be waiting outside surrounding the house as they often did when working on important burglaries. There were half a dozen contingencies. His wits were working hard for a means of eluding all possible ones. The idea of changing clothes with the policeman was best. Chances were against him even then, but it was the best plan.

Fifteen minutes later, the change effected, Jimmy crawled through the cellar window. When he encountered no one in leaving the house, he cursed himself for having wasted time on the precaution of changing clothes.

Having gained the sidewalk, he set out at a faster gait than a policeman ever takes. He swung the nightstick awkwardly, and the hunch of his shoulders proclaimed him anything but the leisurely, statuesque street cor-

ner fixture he was evidently hoping to impersonate.

He was making all haste to reach Molly's apartment. The street where the rickety old building in which she lived was situated had long since been deserted. Without incident he reached it and fairly dove into the dark hallway that led up to her rooms. Light through the crack under her door indicated she was still up and waiting for him. He knocked, and she opened the door.

She stifled a little scream at first sight of the dreaded brass and blue. Recognition of Jimmy was the signal for her to grunt in disgust.

"What on earth are you doin' in them clothes?" she said, not at all hospitably, nor did she move to one side of the doorway to admit Jimmy.

"Sorrigan caught me," replied Jimmy, who was now finding time to be breathless, "and I had to knock him out in order tuh git away."

Mary's countenance was as immobile as the sphinx's at this, but her tone was businesslike as she asked:

"What d'guh git?"

It was not the question itself that electrified Jimmy. But it was the gentle reminder that he had overlooked something. He found himself in the position of a canoeist who was shoved off in a swift current without paddles. His face took on an expression which said "Pity me?" plainer than words. His hand went to his pocket mechanically.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated; "when I changed clothes I left the swag wit' de cop."

Without further parley Jimmy's Waterloo took the form of much blackness to replace that which was a lighted doorway. He reached desperately for the knob after Molly had slammed the door in his face, but he was a second too late. A grating sound told him Molly had locked it.



The Bad Boy and His Pa

"**H**ERE, here," said the grocery-man to the bad boy, as he came in the back door hurriedly and bolted it and hid behind a barrel, "what are you coming in the back door for in that manner, like a pirate of the Spanish main? My other customers don't sneak in through the back door and hide behind things. What ails you?"

"S-h-h! If a man comes up from the streetcar in about two minutes, with one coat-tail torn off and pieces of umbrella-frames sticking out of himself like porcupine quills, his hat gone, and a scared complexion on his face, and asks if you have seen a chubby-faced little boy, you drive him outdoors, 'cause he isn't responsible," and the boy pulled a coffee-sack down off a barrel to cover himself up.

"Who is the wild man you are expecting, and what have you done?" asked the grocery-man.

"S-s-sh! It's pa. And if he got out of the car without coming through the window, he is liable to show up here pretty quick. You see, pa has been trying to make us believe he could see just as well as he ever could, and he has quit wearing spectacles, and gets mad every time anybody suggests that he can't see very well. Ma says he is ashamed to have folks think he is getting old. Sometimes I come in the room and pa snaps his fingers and says, 'Hello, Bruno, good dog,' thinking I am the dog; and when he finds out his mistake, he laughs, and says it was only a joke; and he says he can see as well as any man in this town. I told him some day some person would play a joke on him and convince him that he was near-sighted, and he said they might try all the jokes they wanted to on him. Well, pa is awful polite to ladies; and for fear he will pass some lady that he knows, and not speak to her, he speaks to all of 'em. Some of 'em get cross to have a stranger speak to them, but pa has such an innocent, benevolent, vacant sort of a look when he smiles that they go on, thinking he has escaped from some asylum.

"Well, he was in a streetcar, and on the

other side of the car was an old-maid, with a pug dog in her lap, curled up like a baby. I see pa was getting his eyes sot on the woman and the dog, but I knew he couldn't make out whether it was a baby she had or not, so I whispered to pa that it was too bad to carry babies on streetcars, poor little things. That was enough for pa. He bit like a bass. He began to look benevolent, and smiled at the lady just as though he lived next-door to her, and she looked sort of cross, but pa couldn't see that, and he smiled again and leaned over toward her and pointed to the dog and asked, 'How old is the little thing?' Well, I thought I should just melt and run right through the perforated seat of the car. The woman said it was only eleven months old, but she looked as though she didn't know as it was any of his business anyway. I tried to get pa to change the subject and talk with me, but when he gets to talking with a woman that settles it, and he told me to lush up and look out of the window at the scenery. Then pa smiled again and got one eye on the lady and one on the supposed baby, which she had wrapped a shawl around, and said: 'Little one always healthy, I suppose?'

"The woman snapped out that it had always been healthy enough, except when it was cutting teeth it had a sort of distemper. The other passengers began to look at pa and smile, and the lady was beginning to blush, and I could see distant mutterings of a cyclone, and I pulled pa's sleeve and told him I wouldn't talk to strangers that way if I was him, but pa he punched me in the rib with his elbow and told me to mind my own business; and I went to the end of the car near the door so as to get out quick in case of an alarm of fire. Pa returned to the assault, and it made me perspire. 'Is it a boy or a girl?' said pa, and the lady's face colored up and she pulled the strap to stop the car. Just as the car stopped pa got up, and in his politest manner he said as he held out his hands, 'Let me help you with the baby.' Well, you'd a died. You would have just laid down in the straw in the car and blatted. When the motorman

opened the door I flew out, and just then I looked in and the dog had got mad at pa, when he put out his hands, and had grabbed pa's hand, and was chewing his mitten and growling, and the lady called pa an old wretch and said he ought to be arrested for going around insulting unprotected females, and I saw her umbrella go up in the air and come down on pa's head, and pa yelled to somebody to take the dog off.

"The woman came out of the car on a gallop, holding the dog by the leg, and the dog had one of pa's buckskin mittens in his mouth, chewing for all that was out. When she struck the street she told me to call a policeman and have the old tramp arrested, and I said, 'yessum,' and she went off with the dog under her arm. I asked pa if I should follow his lady friend and get his mitten away from her little baby, that he was using to cut teeth on, and pa looked so mad, as he told me to go to gehenna, that I got off the car and came here, and left him picking pieces of umbrella from his neck-tie, and explaining to the other passengers that he knew that dog wasn't a baby all the time. Say, can you see how I was to blame about pa's misfortune?"

"I can't see as you are to blame," said the grocery-man, as he dipped a quart of cranberries out of the barrel behind which the boy was hiding; "your pa is one of those men that

knows it all, and don't allow anybody to tell him anything. If he had listened to your advice he would have kept out of trouble. I think some men ought to have a boy for a guardian. But say? How would you like to have some fun? I have got a big pile of potatoes in the cellar, and they are beginning to sprout. Let's you and I go down cellar and pull off our coats and just have a glorious time picking those potatoes over and pulling off the sprouts. Hurrah! Come on," and the grocery-man laughed and run his thumb into the boy's ribs and started down-stairs to the cellar.

"No, not any fun for Hennery," said the boy, as he looked out to see if his pa was in sight. "I think too much fun is not good for boys. If you want your potatoes looked over, you will have to hire somebody to do it. Sprouting potatoes is work, and you can't make it pass for fun, unless you strike some fool boy that don't know you are playing it on him. You old hypocrites think boys are fools. Ever since I turned grindstone for a man once all the afternoon for fun, and got so tired I couldn't walk, I have decided to pick out my own fun. When a man unfolds a scheme to me to have fun, and I see it is a put-up job to get me to work for nothing, and call it fun, I pass"; and the boy went out to see if his pa had got off the car.

FINDS WAY TO FIRE SHOT AROUND A CORNER

THE old problem of shooting around a corner has been solved, according to an announcement made by John Hays Hammond, Jr. At least it's been solved when it's done under water. It does not involve a curved gunbarrel or anything of that sort. Just what it does involve was not made public by Mr. Hammond.

The new system is an automatic control of torpedoes taking a curved course, the announcement says, by which a battleship or submarine could fire a torpedo at a target in any direction without changing the course of the vessel. Submarines equipped with the system could attack two targets at the same time.

Mr. Hammond, who was graduated from Yale in 1910, has been experimenting with wireless for years, and his discoveries in wireless control of torpedoes have attracted at-

tention from naval experts. He devised systems for radio direction of torpedoes from the shore, from vessels and from airplanes. One hundred and twenty-eight patents, with the exclusive rights to the devices, bearing on radio control, were sold by him to the United States Government.

The new torpedo, being "automatically" controlled, apparently is not controlled by wireless and would not be subject to the objections that have been urged against radio controlled devices—that radio interference might hamper the workings and perhaps turn the torpedoes back against their senders. Mr. Hammond claimed to have perfected his device so that this was impossible, but there remained doubters.

Mr. Hammond has carried on nearly all of his experiments at the Hammond summer home at Watch Hill, Gloucester, Mass.

AQUA REGIA, PLATINUM THIEF

by
Rosewell G. Lowrey



I HAD closed my desk for the evening and was reaching for my hat when Mr. Bernard addressed me.

"Simpson," he said, "I want you to come back to the office about one-thirty to-night. I am a little nervous over that platinum in the safe. Such a large amount could hardly be collected without attracting some attention, and there is no telling how many crooks in New York know we have it. We'll get rid of it in the morning. I am not taking any chances to-night. I propose to stay with it myself till one-thirty, and I want you to relieve me then."

I was not surprised at the request. We had that day received from our British agent a shipment of three hundred and fifty pounds of platinum, more than a million dollars worth at the market price. I had taken night shifts with Mr. Bernard before. I understood that plain-clothes men would be on hand, and that it would be my business to see that they did not become careless, as well as to augment their numbers, in case of emergency.

At eight-thirty the next morning Mr. Bernard returned to the office, and we prepared to turn over to the representatives of the Easting Electric Company their consignment of precious metal. The night had passed without event. Since the exact location of the vault was a secret, we cleared the three back rooms before opening it. We planned to remove the

platinum to the central office and then call the messengers and guards to receipt for it.

Bernard threw off the electric switch which protected the door of the vault, and slid back the wooden panel which concealed it. The time lock had been set for eight o'clock. The small heavy door swung open easily, disclosing the smooth porcelain surface of the interior. The place was empty! Of all those priceless bars not one remained.

For almost the space of a full minute, I think, we both stood speechless. To me the catastrophe was unbelievable. The vault had not been opened during the night. Either Bernard or myself had been in sight of the door every minute since the metal had been placed within. The walls of the vault appeared intact. The thing was mysterious, ghostly.

I looked at Bernard pityingly. This meant bankruptcy for him. He was staring at me with a look of surprise and pain, almost of horror, on his face. Then his expression changed. It became hard, hostile.

He turned and walked to the door. I noticed that his tread was slow and heavy, quite unlike his usual joyous, springy step.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the platinum has been stolen." His voice broke. Then he went on, addressing the police officer in charge of the guards who were on hand for the transfer of the metal, "Thompson, will you please see that Mr. Simpson and the two men who were

here with him last night do not leave the building? I shall get into communication with headquarters."

"Yes, sir," answered Thompson. "Doogan and Reeves, give me your guns. Now go into the office there with Mr. Simpson till you are called for. I shall stay on guard here, sir, till further orders."

My two companions of the night vigil came into the office and grinned at me sheepishly.

"Old Bernard must have done it himself some time yesterday," said Doogan. "Say, what's his game?"

Reeves had crossed the room and was examining the vault.

"Smells like a drug store," he said. "Hello! Look here!"

The genuine surprise in his voice brought us both to his side. There was a peculiar, pungent odor of acid about the interior of the vault. But this was not what had caused the detective's exclamation of astonishment. The floor of the place was about three feet square. In the opposite rear corners were two round holes, each about an inch in diameter. They led down through the porcelain, concrete, and steel into the supporting foundation. And beginning almost flush with the surface of the last steel plate, just under the lining of porcelain, we could make out glass tubes which fitted the holes snugly.

"Well, I swan!" said Doogan. "The guys that came in through them holes must have been spooks. And when they got in, how the dickens could they take anything out with them?"

I myself was not a little mystified. The simple work of cutting the small passages must have occupied hours. I was sure there had been no such opening in the floor when we had stowed away the platinum the evening before.

"Doogan," said Reeves, "you are a nut. Those holes were left there for a blind. They got the stuff out some other way."

We turned back to the office. I sat down at my desk and rested my head on my hands. There swam before my consciousness a vision of Mary Bernard, with her luminous eyes and her red-brown hair.

What would Mary think? All other questions were second in importance to this.

Suddenly an unreasonable exhilaration possessed me. Mary would believe in me. I saw the robbery in a new light. It had made her poor. At last we were on even terms. I could go to her and declare my love. I became con-

scious that I was whistling, and the tune was the "Lohengrin Wedding March."

Probably not more than a few minutes had elapsed when I heard Mary's voice in the outer room.

"But that is absurd," she said. "Of course Mr. Simpson did not do it. And beside, I want to speak to him."

Without more ado she opened the door and came in. She looked at my companions coldly.

"Will you two men wait in the outer office for a while?"

"But Miss——" began Doogan.

"That's all right, Doogan," called Thompson. "You and Reeves come out here."

When the door closed behind them Mary faced me.

"Tell me all about it, Mr. Simpson," she said.

"Mary," I answered, "I am glad it happened. I love you. I have always loved you. I have always planned to have you for mine, but your money has been like a wall between us. I have felt that I must build a wall of my own before I could speak to you of love or marriage. Now that is all over. You are poor. I love you, and——"

"Mr. Simpson," she said, "please tell me what you know about the robbery." But her eyes were peculiarly soft.

Briefly I recounted what I knew. I spoke of the smell of acid, and showed her the holes in the floor of the vault. She sniffed the odor, of which a trace still remained.

"Aqua Regia," she said. "Who has the office next-door?"

"Dr. Richardson," I answered. "He has been there for several months."

"And the basement?"

"That is his, too. He stores things there, I believe."

"Is our basement open?" she asked.

"Yes."

Mary leaned forward and gently patted my hand.

"Good-by, Simpson," she said. "I do not think you will be a prisoner, or I will be poor very long."

As she left the room her brother returned, accompanied by Police Captain Callahan, Sergeant Thompson, Doogan and Reeves. I addressed Mr. Bernard at once.

"There are two holes in the bottom of the safe," I said, "and the place was full of a strong smell of——"

"So I understand," broke in Captain Calla-

han. "I shall call on you when I wish to hear your story."

Briefly he examined the interior of the vault. He ran a small wire into each of the holes, and found that they seemed to terminate at a depth of about twelve feet. He had Mr. Bernard close the door of the safe and examined it with much care, after which he inspected the panel that slid into place over the door.

Then he turned to Thompson. "Sergeant," he said, "I see no more reason for holding Mr. Simpson and Doogan and Reeves than for holding Mr. Bernard. At present we will make no arrests, but I shall hold you responsible for seeing that they all report back here this afternoon at three."

Bernard laughed for the first time, I think, since the robbery.

"If you wait that long, Callahan," he said, "my little sis will have it all cleared up for you. She has been hot on the trail for an hour now."

As soon as we left the office I hurried down into the basement, followed closely by Captain Callahan. Mary was there. She rose from her knees, where she had been examining the floor and wall directly under the vault.

"Everything is all right here," she said.

"If you don't mind, miss, I'll just see for myself," answered Callahan sarcastically.

Mary ignored him. "Mr. Simpson," she said, "will you go with me to see Dr. Richardson?"

"No you don't," said Callahan. "I am going over to see that bird myself directly. You just stay away from him." Then, as an afterthought, "I think I'll take you both with me."

So it was that thirty minutes later found Callahan, Mr. Bernard, Mary, two policemen, and myself in Dr. Richardson's reception-room. The doctor greeted us pleasantly enough. He was a slight, dapper man with a neat, dark Vandyke, and he wore horn-rimmed spectacles which gave him the appearance of a savant.

"Dr. Richardson," said Callahan, "a robbery of considerable proportions has been committed next-door. We have reason to believe that your offices were used as a base by the criminals. I wish to ask, therefore, that you assist us in a search of the premises."

The doctor made a deprecatory sign. "Of course the absurdity of such a thing is too apparent to require mention," he answered. "Nevertheless, since it would be useless for me to refuse, I shall comply with every request."

The captain led down a straight flight of steps to the basement. We found the door at the foot padlocked, but the doctor produced the key, and switched on the light for us as we entered. I fancied there was in the air a faint trace of the same odor I had observed in our own office. Against one wall were stacked no less than thirty carboys of about fifty gallons capacity each.

"What are those, Dr. Richardson?" asked Mary.

"They contain mineral water, madam," he answered. "I supply it to my patients, and to drugstores in the city. It is from the Mani-toga Springs. It just happens that I have quite a quantity of it on hand at present."

"Do you mind if I sample some of the water, doctor?"

"Certainly not, madam." And he filled a small glass for her by means of a syphon pump which was attached to one of the containers. I noticed that the one from which he drew had a cork stopper, but that the others were stopped with glass and sealed.

Callahan had been much interested in the proceedings, but at the appearance of the water he turned away, and began to examine the walls and floor. The latter was of concrete, except for one small section of wood near the rear.

At a word of inquiry from Callahan, Dr. Richardson explained that the wooden section covered a storage place, which was at the time empty except for a large glass centrifugal pump and a motor attachment. These, he said, belonged to a friend of his who had once been in the business of manufacturing acids. Investigation showed that, as regards the contents of the storage place, he spoke the truth.

In the meantime Mary had been much interested in the baseboard along the foot of the wall, one section of which was somewhat scratched at one end.

Suddenly she turned and addressed Callahan directly.

"Captain," she said, "I wish to demand the arrest of Dr. Richardson. I believe that the carboy from which my drink was drawn is the only one that contains water. Look at those stoppers. In the others is our platinum, dissolved in hundreds of gallons of Aqua Regia. They were pumped into and out of our safe last night through those two glass pipes by means of that motor and pump. It was the odor of Aqua Regia which filled the vault this morning, and it is that same odor

which we catch here now. The doctor probably had those holes bored, all except the last inch leading into the vault, long before the platinum arrived. All he had to do was to push out that thin inner coat and start pumping."

Callahan had turned quickly and covered the doctor with his automatic. Richardson had been seated on a small table near the door, toying with what I took to be an iron paperweight.

"Put up your hands!" said the captain. "I am not taking any chances."

The accused man did not appear to be much disturbed. Nevertheless, he raised his hands over his head, still holding the little iron paperweight.

"I say, you know," he said, "this is quite too ridiculous."

"Now," said Mary, "if you will rip off that scarred piece of boarding I think you will find under it the pipes that lead to the safe."

One of the policemen found a crowbar and the board was removed, but behind it the plastering was intact.

Mary stooped and ran her hand along the wall, pressing against it heavily where the board had been. She uttered a little cry. When she rose we saw clearly the print of her hand in the plaster.

A stroke of the crowbar showed that a great hole had been dug out in the masonry and then filled with clay. When this was removed the plugged ends of the two pipes were found, pointing toward the location of the safe.

Doctor Richardson, his hands still held high above his head, had risen to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "and lady"—with a slight bow toward Mary which did not lack polish, in spite of the position of his hands—"this little piece of iron which I am holding was especially prepared for me, in realization of the possibility of such an occasion as this. It is loaded with T.N.T., and carries a fulmi-

nate detonator. If you shoot me in my very fall it will strike the floor and you will all be blown to bits. If you make a motion to intercept me I shall throw it to the floor, for my life would be worth nothing if I should fall into the hands of the law."

Holding his hands above his head, he made us another ironical little bow. Then facing us, he backed to the door, and out. Once upon the steps he lowered his left hand and closed the door. We heard the lock snap into place.

After a brief moment of silence, Callahan laughed. Then Bernard threw his full weight against the door. It did not give way, but an attack with the crowbar soon reduced it to splinters.

In the reception-room on the reading table we found the black object which the doctor had held threateningly over us as he made his escape. One of the policemen picked it up.

"Hell," he said, "this ain't nothin' but iron."

It was true. But Dr. Richardson was gone.

Mary Bernard offered to take me home in her car. For the most part the drive was a silent one. After my miserable confession of love I found myself only able to stare straight ahead, and wish that I had showed the good judgment to keep my tongue. Once or twice I glanced at her and found that she, too, was looking straight ahead, but I could not help perceiving evident traces of amusement which served to heighten my chagrin.

When we passed Columbus Circle, Mary, to my surprise, turned into the park. Still I uttered no word of protest. After a few minutes of aimless driving, she turned the car in under a huge tree and stopped. I did not look at her.

Neither of us said anything for a minute. Then I felt her fingers close upon my hand.

"Simpson," she said, "don't you think you could love a poor little rich girl as well as you loved a rich little poor one this morning?"



Volcanoes on the Moon

SCRIVEN BOLTON, the well known English astronomer, acting upon scattered observations of his own and of other astronomers, sets for the theory that the moon is not dead, as has long been supposed, but that some of its mountains at least are volcanoes in active eruption.

Writing in the *Illustrated London News*, he recalls that the lunar crater known to us as Linne was of moderate dimensions when described by Riccioli in 1651; when Schroeter examined it in 1788 he reported it to be "a very small, round, white, brilliant spot, containing a somewhat uncertain depression." In 1810 Lohrman found it to be a very deep crater and more than four miles in diameter. Maedlor found it six miles in diameter a few years later, and Schmidt confirmed this measurement in 1843, but in 1866 found that Linne had entirely disappeared from view.

"In the much studied region called Plato incessant changes are taking place among the many small craters scattered over it. Continuous observation, especially by Prof. W. H. Pickering, shows that only about half these craters are visible at any one time, the invisible ones being obscured by a white cloud, which gradually dissipates and leaves them visible again. At least one of these little craters has been formed since Prof. Pickering began his observations.

"Prof. Pickering has made a significant discovery in the region known as Schroeter's Valley, where the conditions at certain times of the lunar day resemble an active terrestrial volcano. Dense clouds apparently issue from the valley and roll away on to the adjacent plain.

"These cloud masses from Schroeter's Valley and the Plato craterlets are not improb-

ably streams of gas issuing from volcanic vents and from surface fissures. Mingled with ice crystals they might form actual clouds in the atmosphere. The density of the lunar atmosphere a mile or two above the surface probably does not exceed a ten-thousandth part that of our own, although in the low-lying regions it is undoubtedly very much more dense.

"The gas probably ejected by the volcanoes is believed to be carbonic acid and water-vapor, as in the case of terrestrial volcanoes; while a major portion of the lunar globe is covered by ice. Photographs of the full moon show the peculiar brilliancy of the lunar poles, attributed to the deposition of ice. In February last, Sir W. H. M. Christie, late Astronomer Royal, paid a visit to Prof. Pickering at the Harvard College Observatory, Jamaica, and verified with the eleven-inch Draper refractor the remarkable lunar changes discovered by Prof. Pickering.

"A conspicuous extension of the Apennine Range seen on Feb. 21 and 22 evidently indicated a fresh fall of snow a few days earlier. The aspect of the end of this range on Feb. 2 indicated a melting of the snow shortly after the lunar moon.

"To sum up, our increasing knowledge, based upon the splendid work of Prof. Pickering and many world-renowned astronomers, leads us to regard our satellite as still retaining and sharing with the earth certain primitive characteristics. Rather than being a dead world, physically, its inherent heat would still appear to create volcanic force; and it would seem that its gaseous envelope, though invisible, is capable of sustaining a low form of vegetation, and causing a deposition of ice and snow."



A Corner In Sound Waves

By GEORGE J. BRENN

COLONEL PRESCOTT, the multi-millionaire, sat reading the morning newspapers in the breakfast-room of his Vincent City home. The chime of an exceedingly sedate grandfather's clock struck at exactly nine-thirty. While the vibrations of the clock chime were fainting away, the telephone bell jingled insistently like a parvenu endeavoring to dislodge one of the Four Hundred.

Higgins, a servant, entered the room, picked up the telephone receiver and announced: "Prescott's!" Not "This is Colonel Prescott's residence" nor "Colonel Prescott's; the butler speaking," but just the single word "Prescott's."

Higgins proffered the telephone instrument to the colonel, who laid aside his paper and accepted it. He did not speak, however, until Higgins left the breakfast-room and closed the door after him. It was the only entrance to the room. A stranger would have described the heavy olive-green metal door as "fire-proof," but Colonel Prescott had ordered it installed because it was *sound-proof*.

Assuring himself that the door was closed with Higgins safely the other side of it, the colonel placed the transmitter close to his mouth and uttered in his deep, impressive voice the single word, "Buy!" He waited until the receiver brought back to him confirmation of the accurate receipt of his message. "Buy!" repeated the person at the other end of the wire, and Colonel Prescott replaced the receiver on the hook.

He resumed his chair and pressed a buzzer button beneath the small walnut table. Higgins reappeared through the olive-green door, which he now left ajar. It would not be closed again until nine-thirty the next morning.

"Away!" directed the colonel, designating the tray of breakfast things.

Higgins did not so much as nod, but gathered together the fragments of the colonel's hearty breakfast and bore it away on the tray. The colonel was always exceedingly short in speech, and he had engaged Higgins because

that worthy could remain *almost* speechless in any emergency. If there were a modern, practicable Laconia the colonel would probably have emigrated to it forthwith. Higgins knew this and realized that his ability to remain silent had made him, during the last fifteen years, the highest paid butler in service in North America.

Colonel Prescott had made his millions in steel. Not in puddling it, or smelting or refining it. It is true that he had an intimate knowledge of these processes, as well as of all other matters relating to the steel industry, but he had confined his financial interest in it wholly to the Stock Exchange, and he specialized in the stock of the Banadium Steel Company.

The colonel dealt with Coon, Boel & Company, one of the largest houses in Wall Street. He liked the concern because both Coon and Boel were men who didn't believe in using five words when one or two would do. The colonel had an arrangement whereby Coon, Boel & Company called him on the long-distance telephone from New York every morning at nine-thirty. Higgins would answer the telephone and say "Prescott's." The representative of the brokerage house would announce "Coon, Boel & Company." Then the colonel would take the telephone, while Higgins shut himself outside the sound-proof door. The colonel would then utter one word into the mouth-piece of the receiver, wait until it had been repeated by the distant listener, and would then hang up the receiver.

Banadium Steel Common fluctuates every day, sometimes narrowly, sometimes violently. So closely did Colonel Prescott study market conditions and the Banadium Steel industry that he had an almost unfailing, prescient knowledge of whether or not the fluctuations for the succeeding day would have an upward or downward trend. It was on these daily fluctuations that the colonel based his trading. He bought or sold at least one thousand shares of Banadium every day. If he said "Buy!"

over the telephone Coon, Boel & Company would purchase one thousand shares for his account. If he said "Sell!" they would unload every share he carried, but if he was not "long" on the stock they would sell short only one thousand shares. If he had previously sold short and ordered his brokers to buy, they would buy enough to cover every share he had contracted to deliver. These things are mentioned because the colonel would sometimes say "Sell!" for three or four days in succession. On the fourth or fifth day, perhaps, he would say "Buy!" and would take huge profits.

There is no doubt that Colonel Prescott was a miser, and yet he was no conventional miser. He lived in Vincent City the year around, in the finest home in the town. He had a magnificent estate and spent a great deal of money in its maintenance. He wore fine clothes and ate costly foods. He didn't gloat over his wealth, nor did he look for ways of spending money. He was no philanthropist, and no local charity had ever had an occasion to offer him thanks.

Colonel Prescott was a bachelor with no near relatives. He made a great deal more money than he could ever spend, but no one could imagine what he meant to do with it when he died. He didn't like his distant relatives. He never helped any one else to make money, and he had no friends.

His brother, Bob had lived with him for three years, and then had died, leaving a small fortune. The colonel didn't like Bob much; he considered him too facetious, irresponsible and much too garrulous. Every one in Vincent City liked Bob, however, and Bob had promised to leave the city money to start a hospital when he died. He neglected to make a will, unfortunately, and the colonel inherited the forty thousand intended for Vincent City, along with the rest of his brother's small fortune. That didn't make him any more popular in Vincent City. People said the colonel held on to the money to get even with Bob and the townspeople, because Bob used to make fun of the colonel. He would imitate his laconic speeches and would describe the daily long-distance telephone message which consisted only of one word. The colonel used to insist on Bob leaving the breakfast-room, as well as Higgins, when Coon, Boel & Company called up. Bob never knew when the colonel said "Buy!" or when he said "Sell!" He only knew that the colonel bought or sold Banadium Steel every day, and made money.

At the very moment that Colonel Prescott was uttering the word "Buy!" into the mouth-piece of his telephone a man was seated on the cross-arm of a telephone pole not more than three hundred yards from the colonel's home. The pole was one of many supporting a long-distance trunk line to New York City. The man was stone deaf, and his name was Ezra Bartlett.

Almost any casual onlooker who didn't know Ezra would have said that Ezra had no right to be perched on that cross-arm. Ezra was past three-score, and no telephone company would have employed him as a lineman. Besides, a deaf man would scarcely be of value in speeding the spoken word.

Ezra was a former employee of the telephone company, however. He had sustained a shock in the performance of his duties which had deprived him of his hearing. While engaged in "observing service" one day the line under observation had been crossed with one of the power company's high-voltage lines, and Ezra had been knocked unconscious by what the telephone engineers call "acoustic shock." He never did recover his hearing, and the company retired him with a liberal pension.

Despite his age and infirmity Ezra was determined not to remain inactive. He had a good working knowledge of electricity as applied to both the telephone and telegraph and a love for telephony that simply would not be denied. Ezra fitted up a laboratory in the attic of his cottage and spent his days in the creation and development of devices that might some day revolutionize the telephone or telegraph industry. There was the possibility, for instance, of transmitting pictures by telegraph, or of seeing the person one talked to over the telephone, or of reading sound waves.

The telephone company knew of Ezra's experiments and raised no objections when they occasionally involved the unauthorized use of the company's outside plant. Hence we find Ezra seated on the cross-arm of a pole near his cottage, engaged in the adjustment of a contrivance much too wondrous and baffling for the layman to understand. Suffice it to say that extremely short and delicate wires were attached to the long-distance trunk line to New York, and from these wires depended a highly polished mirror and a tiny electric flash-light. In addition there was a miniature blackboard securely fastened to the cross-arm in such a position that the reflection of the flash-light on the mirror was thrown clearly

upon the blackboard. There was also a camera focussed directly on the blackboard.

Ezra sat on the cross-arm, watch in hand, and waved his arm to Grimshaw, Vincent City's wholesale feed and grain man, who sat watchfully waiting in a parked automobile across the road. Suddenly Ezra bent eagerly over his watch, and with a swift, practiced motion he dropped the shutter of the camera. He then gathered together the component parts of his invention, clambered down the pole with the aid of his climbing irons and scurried into his cottage and up to the attic laboratory. Half an hour later he emerged from the house, hopped into the seat of the automobile beside Grimshaw, and the two drove into Vincent City, stopping in front of the lawyer's building.

Ezra and Grimshaw entered the building, and disdaining the use of the elevator, ascended to the fourth floor and Lawyer Taylor's office. Seated around Taylor's desk were Barney Weiss, who kept a pawn-shop, Jock Ewing, who manufactured harnesses, and Bill Taylor.

Bill Taylor had spent the last forty of the fifty-five years of his life in Vincent City, and had watched the development of it from a struggling little town to a fairly thriving city.

Bill was a darned good lawyer, people said, and a shrewd customer in a business deal, but he would never be a rich man. Bill couldn't listen to a hard-luck story without putting his hand in his pocket for his wallet. Consequently he heard many hard-luck stories. Moreover, his name was the first to appear for a substantial sum on every subscription list originated by local charitable or civic improvement organizations. Bill was *pro bono publico* every time.

He was a tall, spare man, smooth-shaven and partially bald. He wore nondescript garments that never renewed acquaintance with the iron from the time he acquired them. In speech he was apt to be colloquially ungrammatical, but this was merely a trick he had acquired shortly after he began practice, when he learned that Vincent City jurors liked it. The things you liked best about Bill's appearance were his whimsical smile and the honest brown eyes that looked over, never through, the old-fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Set here," greeted Bill, finding chairs for Grimshaw and Ezra. Ezra couldn't hear him, but accepted the invitation. Ezra was exceptionally good at lip-reading, anyway.

"Get it?" queried the lawyer, turning eagerly to Ezra.

Ezra nodded and began to extract something from his inside coat pocket.

"Not yet," advised Bill, with a negative shake of the head, and Ezra withdrew his hand from the pocket.

"Well, we c'n go ahead, boys," announced Bill after a moment's silence. "I s'pose you're all a-wonderin'. 'S only natural. What I've called you together for is to consider the case of Colonel Prescott, the man who never did nothin' for nobody!"

Grimshaw, Weiss and Ewing exchanged amused glances. Taylor continued:

"I give the colonel his last chance when his brother Bob died. He ain't never made good. Of course I'm thinkin' mostly o' the way he cheated Vincent City out o' the hospital money, but there's other things to consider. That was Bob's money he cheated us out of. We've also got to consider the fact that he's never exhibited the least bit o' public spirit. He's never give a cent to the city nor spent a cent here nuther, if he could help it, in all the years he's lived here. In other words, he's let you and me bear his share o' the burden."

Bill paused once more, and Ezra, following the conversation with his eyes to the best of his ability, fancied the other three men squirmed in their seats. They were a canny trio, close and money-grubbing, and each wondered if Lawyer Taylor really believed they had done their respective parts in "bearing the burden."

"I've been thinkin'," drawled Bill, "that the colonel owes a solid, actual debt to each of us here assembled, and if we can't collect it from him directly, we may be able to do so indirectly."

"Dot's right," assented Weiss decisively. "But how?"

"How does the colonel make his money?" asked Taylor quietly.

"Stockmarket. Banadium Steel," volunteered Grimshaw. "Just says 'Buy' or 'Sell' every morning."

"Exactly. And that's all we know. We never know whether he's a-buyin' or a-sellin'. If we did, we could all be rich by doin' the same thing. Now, then, s'posin' there was a way of findin' out whether the colonel bought or sold each day, would you boys be interested?"

"You bet!" asserted Grimshaw.

"I think I would," decided Ewing conservatively.

"You should tell me for t'ree days, dot's all I esk! Just t'ree days, Meester Daylor, und I'm setisfied!"

Bill smiled. He had gauged the characters of the three men accurately. Sure-thing gamblers, each of them!

"Are you interested to the point of poolin' ten thousand dollars each with me?" he inquired.

"Dell us de broposition," begged Weiss, his eyes searching Taylor's face for a clue.

"I will. You all know Ezry Bartlett. Ezry ain't got no ten thousand to invest, but he's goin' to share with me. The hull scheme revolves around Ezry and one of his inventions, don't it, Ezry?"

"That's right," confirmed Ezra in his high, shrill voice, smiling at the same time.

"Ezry's been a-tellin' me that the hull darned telephone business is tied up with what are known as vibrations. F'r that matter, vibrations mean a lot to all of us. We see by vibrations, we hear by 'em, we are warmed by 'em, and sometimes we feel by 'em. As I understand the principle as applied to the telephone, the vibratin' voice of the speaker causes air vibrations which start the mouthpiece thingamajig, or some part of it, vibratin'."

"The diaphragm," interposed Ezra.

"Yeah; that's it," nodded Taylor. "That starts the electrical vibrations in the transmitter, and they are carried over the wire to the telephone of the feller you talk to, and they set his receiver to vibratin', which causes air vibrations that are heard by him. That right, Ezry?"

"That's right," agreed Ezra.

"Ezry says I'm right. Now, then, every word that goes over the telephone wire is a different bunch of air vibrations, and Ezry calls 'em 'sound waves.' Ezry says the sound waves creep along the wires jest as big as a bug or bigger, but we can't see 'em. If we could see 'em we could recognize 'em, 'cause the sound wave for every word looks different. Ezry's been workin' on a device to reduce sound waves to somethin' a man c'n look at, and, by golly, he's got it!"

The men sat forward in their chairs, tense and expectant. Ewing spoke:

"You mean, Bill, that he can take a sound wave off the telephone wire out in the street in such form that he can look at it and say what word it represents?" he demanded.

"That's jest what I mean," nodded Taylor. "Ezry has made a contraption so delicate that he c'n photograph a sound wave. The photo-

graphs of any two dissimilar words or waves are so unlike that each c'n be positively identified. Furthermore, Ezry's been experimentin' on the long-distance line to New York by takin' photographs every mornin' at exactly nine-thirty by the clock. Grimshaw saw him take one this mornin'. 'Buy' and 'Sell' are very dissimilar, as you will see from Ezry's photographs."

Taylor nodded to Ezra, who produced an envelope from his coat pocket. From the envelope he withdrew some photographs and spread them on the desk. He divided them into two groups, one consisting of five prints and the other of three. The men crowded about the desk, and Ezra explained in his high, shrill voice.

"These five are sound waves representing the word 'Buy,'" he announced. "You will notice that the outlines are all approximately the same—bold and emphatic. The other three represent the word 'Sell,' and are rather vague and characterless, but are all alike."

Grimshaw, Weiss and Ewing picked up and examined the photographs. They saw nothing but lines—white lines against a dark gray background. The lines were hooked and curved in fantastic shapes, but there was no questioning the similarities Ezra pointed out as characteristic of each group. Launched on one of his pet hobbies, Ezra enthusiastically described in detail the device by which he had converted the sound waves into light waves and had photographed the light waves. Despite his physical disadvantages, Ezra was exceedingly convincing, and the three men showed signs of repressed excitement when the lawyer suggested that they resume their seats.

"Each of these photographs is dated on the reverse, boys," advised Taylor. "I've checked them with the market reports for the different days, and they show that the colonel's been a-makin' money. Ezry says to-day's photograph says 'Buy.' If you're willin' we'll start to-morrow as soon as we get the new picture. If the colonel c'n make money buyin' an' sellin' Banadium Steel, we c'n do the same. What do you say?"

Not one of the men present would think for a moment of questioning Bill Taylor's sincerity or Colonel Prescott's business judgment. They discussed details for half an hour, read and signed the agreement the lawyer had drawn up, agreed to appear at ten-thirty the next morning with checks for ten thousand dollars each, and departed.

"Be sure and bring me the photograph as early as possible to-morrow, Ezry," smiled Bill gently, as Bartlett was leaving the office, and it seemed as if Taylor had indulged in an almost imperceptible wink.

The three men and their certified checks were on hand at Taylor's office early the next morning, and pending the arrival of Ezra with the photograph Taylor discussed the details of his plan.

"Any of you boys ever play the market?" he inquired.

Individually and collectively they indicated that they had not.

"Understand how it works, do ye?" he asked.

They did.

"All right. Prescott buys Banadium Steel for cash. It's been sellin' at between forty and forty-five dollars a share and pays four per cent. on its par value of one hundred dollars. The colonel deals to the extent of about forty-five thousand dollars every day. Our total capital amounts to forty thousand, or only as much as the colonel requires each day. He c'n buy a thousand shares a day, every day in the week, if he's a mind to, 'cause he's got the capital. We can't—not if we buy fer cash."

"Marchin' it; marchin' it!" suggested Weiss impetuously.

"I was about to suggest buying on conservative margin," commented Grimshaw impressively.

"It's not as safe, boys," cautioned Taylor.

"It's a sure ding," chuckled Weiss. "Gif de broker ten dollars a share; if ve need more I can ged id!"

"Fine!" smiled Bill. "There's one other thing. Banadium Steel is held mostly by investors, and there's only a small floatin' supply of the stock. Most of it is in strong boxes; been in some families fer years. The small supply on the market—about ten thousand shares—makes it a fine football for Prescott. A day's tradin' seldom amounts to more than 2,500 shares. We may have to go easy with our tradin' so as not to excite the market and bring in old stockholders."

"I'd suggest, gentlemen," proposed Jock Ewing, "that we authorize Bill Taylor to decide the volume of trading to be done each day, based on the condition of our capital and the information he receives through Ezra Bartlett."

It was an elegant speech, elegantly delivered, and the other two men endorsed it unreserved-

ly. Bill Taylor beamed responsively; coming from the canny-minded Ewing, it was the greatest possible tribute to his honesty and sincerity of purpose.

"Thank ye, boys," he said quietly. "Here's Ezry now!"

Ezry entered briskly, produced an envelope, from which he took a photograph, placed the photograph on Taylor's desk and said: "That means 'Buy'!"

"And buy we will!" responded Bill, grabbing his hat. "I'm takin' the next train to N' York. Jest be able to do a little tradin' this afternoon, mebbe. I'll prob'ly stay at the Broadway Centre Hotel, an' when Ezry gets the latest photographic bulletin he c'n bring it to Ewing, an' Jock c'n call me on the 'phone. Don't worry, boys, if I stay two or three days. I'll keep in touch with ye by wire. G'by!"

His partners insisted on accompanying him to the station, and they watched him board the New York train.

"Good luck!" shouted Grimshaw and Ewing in unison.

"Mazeltof!" shouted Weiss. The three grinned fatuously, and trudged back to their respective business establishments.

Bill Taylor telephoned Ewing that evening.

"Everything Jim Dandy!" he reported. "We're makin' money already. Keep cool an' quiet!—Bought at 42 1-2 to-day. Market closed at 43 1-8. Don't ask me how many shares! I'll talk to ye to-morrow. Good-night!"

Ezra Bartlett dropped in Ewing's office the next morning with a new photograph.

"Buy!" he advised shrilly and departed.

Ewing nodded. He had seen so many of the photographs that he could now distinguish without difficulty between those representing "Buy" and those picturing the word "Sell."

His efforts to get in touch with Bill Taylor at that ancient hostelry, the Broadway Centre, were unavailing, however. He was advised that Mr. Taylor had gone out, but the clerk volunteered to take a message. Jock left word that "Mr. Ewing wished Mr. Taylor to buy."

Ewing received a telegram from Taylor late in the afternoon. It read:

"Outlook for crops good. 48 1-2 bid at close of market. Very little offered.

"BILL."

Ewing again failed to get in touch with Bill on the following morning. Ezra's photographic exhibit again invited the syndicate to

buy. Ezra, Ewing and Grimshaw met in Weiss's pawn-shop, and the air was rife with conjecture as to whether or not the hotel clerk was delivering Ewing's messages. Weiss, it developed, was receiving hourly reports by telegraph from a New York brokerage house, giving the trend of Banadium Steel prices. The stock was soaring violently!

At four o'clock a uniformed messenger delivered to Weiss a telegram advising that Banadium Steel had closed at 59. The messenger, it developed, had a telegram for Mr. Ewing also. Ewing hurriedly signed for it, tore open the yellow envelope and read:

"Will be home at seven-twenty. Have boys at my office ready to go visiting. BILL."

The four men passed an uncomfortable three hours and welcomed Grimshaw's suggestion to meet Bill at the railroad station. They were genuinely received when the tall spare figure and inevitable green baize bag dropped from the train. They piled into Grimshaw's automobile and lost no time in repairing to Taylor's office, where they good-naturedly demanded an account of Bill's activities.

"Well, boys," announced Bill, his eyes twinkling, "we're carryin' four thousand shares of Banadium Steel on ten points margin. A thousand shares stood us 42 1-2. The other three thousand was bought at prices rangin' all the way to 51. The day I bought the first thousand there was 4,000 shares traded in, an' the newspapers commented on the unusual activity in Banadium, with the directors' meetin' only five days ahead. The next day I bought 1,500 shares, but tradin' for the day amounted to 9,300 shares, or nearly four times normal. I kinder thought at first that some o' the old settlers had dug their stock certificates out o' hidin' to take profits. Banadium Steel stockholders are a pretty conservative, hard-headed lot, however, an' I imagine most of 'em held on when they saw this here piece in the newspaper."

Bill displayed a ragged clipping from the financial page of a New York paper. It read:

BANADIUM STEEL

In commenting on the sensational advance in Banadium, President Lane declares that there has been no recent development to warrant the directors in declaring anything but the usual dividend of 4 per cent. at the semi-annual meeting next week. He feels that the

public is beginning to realize the value of the stock as an investment, and is merely showing confidence in the stability of earnings and the conservative policy followed by the officials.

In other quarters the recent activity in the stock is attributed to accumulation by insiders, and is supposed to foreshadow an announcement of importance to be made at the coming meeting.

Conservative holders of Banadium are apparently able to resist the temptation to unload at the present attractive prices. Because of the limited floating supply of the stock the "bear" element has been characterizing it as "TNT." Banadium is evidently scheduled to attain a place on the list of "mystery" stocks.

"H'm," commented Grimshaw. "Prescott's an insider, all right, but I'll bet he's not the one that let the good news out."

"De colonel iss a schmart man," declared Weiss. "I gif him credit for gettin' the news, und I gif Essra Bardlett credit for makin' snap-shots of it!"

A laugh greeted this sally, and Bill continued.

"I've been a-studyin' this thing pretty close, boys, an' I think we're a-gonna make money. I don't mind sayin', however, that I'd rest a hull lot more comf'table if I was sure of it. There's only one way to find out, and I'm wonderin' if you're willin' to try it."

"What's that?" questioned Ewing.

"Call on Colonel Prescott to-night an' ask him!"

Ewing and Grimshaw gasped in amazement, but Weiss smiled and spoke up impetuously.

"Do you t'ink, Mr. Taylor, you kin hendle him?" he asked.

"Yep," answered Bill decisively.

"'S gut!" said Weiss, picking up his hat. "Let's go."

Grimshaw and Ewing were still deliberating on the advisability of calling on Prescott when the group left the Lawyers' building, and had not yet decided that it was an expedient move. Weiss, however, in his unbounded faith in Bill Taylor, had rushed in where angels ordinarily feared to take pedestrian exercise, and the entire party seemed to be committed to the rash action when they were whisked away in Grimshaw's car.

Grimshaw brought the machine to a stop under the porte-cochère at the end of the driveway leading to Prescott's mansion. The

four men stood uncomfortably while Bill rang the bell. Higgins answered.

"We'd like to see the colonel," announced Taylor.

"Name, please?" demanded Higgins.

"Jest say Bill Taylor an' some of his friends wants to see him."

Higgins waved them into a magnificent reception hall.

"Wait," he said ungraciously and disappeared. In less than a minute he returned.

"Sorry," he said, and shook his head in further discouragement of the idea.

"D'ye mean the colonel sez he won't see us?" asked Bill mildly.

Higgins nodded.

"Why not?" inquired the lawyer.

"Don't like you," snapped Higgins, evidently reflecting his employer's attitude.

"Oh! Is *that* all?" murmured Taylor. "Well, jest you go back to him an' say that a number o' shareholders in Banadium Steel requests the privilege of a few minutes' conversation an' advice concerning the stock."

"Wait," ordered Higgins once more, and again disappeared. When he reappeared at the end of the reception hall he merely signaled the men with a beckoning finger, indicating that they might enter the room outside of which he was standing.

The little group trooped into the room, a library. The colonel was seated in a comfortable arm-chair at a long table in the centre of the room. He had evidently been reading. There were no other chairs about the table, and Bill and his associates would probably have remained standing had not Weiss bustled about, energetically moving chairs from against the walls and offering them to Taylor, Grimshaw, Ewing and Bartlett.

"Evenin', Colonel," greeted Bill pleasantly.

Prescott scowled and nodded almost imperceptibly. The lawyer refused to be rebuffed or discouraged.

"We wuz thinkin' of talkin' to you about Banadium Steel," he continued.

"Crooks!" barked the colonel.

"You *will* hev your little joke," laughed Bill, "won't you, Colonel? I suppose you mean that you an' me an' all us stock market speculators is crooks, more or less. Only," he continued dryly, "we're little speculators an' you're a big 'un."

The colonel pointed a deliberate and accusing finger at the shrinking form of Ezra Bartlett.

"You!" he thundered. "Crook! Wire-taper!"

"Oh, come, Colonel," pleaded Bill. "Ezry cain't tap no wires. Ezry's plumb deaf—deaf as an adder! Ye must be mistaken."

"Been watching him," spluttered the colonel. "Sits on pole. Taps wires. You fellows been getting information. Now you're caught. Serves you right."

"I sure fail to follow you, Colonel," regretted Taylor.

"You learned what I was doing; did the same. Take consequences!" insisted Prescott with an air of finality.

"Oh, shucks, Colonel, you're all wrong!" protested Bill. "It jest happens that me an' my friends here hev a little Banadium Steel we wuz thinkin' of sellin'. We calc'lated you might be willin' to buy it. That's all!"

Colonel Prescott gave an involuntary start and sent Taylor a piercing glance from beneath his shaggy brows. There was an impressive silence.

"How many shares?" the colonel inquired. "A hundred?"

"We kin scrape together about four thousand shares," announced Bill deliberately. The colonel's face twitched.

"At fifty?" he inquired.

"Why, Colonel!" murmured Taylor. "Banadium closed at fifty-nine to-day. It's apt to open at *sixty-nine* to-morrow. I see in the paper that insiders are accumulatin' it, and I figgered that if you wuz wantin' some it would be only neighborly to offer it to you. I don't think there'll be much offered in the market to-morrow."

"Your price?" demanded Prescott.

"I'll tell you how we feel about it," volunteered Bill in friendly fashion. "All these boys except me are willin' to let go at fifty-nine. They think it a pretty good price. So do I, but it jest happens I need about forty thousand dollars extry. I'm aimin' to build a hospital in Vincent City. Reckon it can be built for about that; jest a little one, ye know. And I'm fixin' to call it the Robert Prescott Memorial Hospital. So I'm suggestin' sixty-nine as a price to-night. No tellin' what I may ask to-morrow. Are you int'rested?"

The colonel sighed wearily and nodded. He rang for Higgins, demanded a check-book and wrote a check to the order of the broker designated by Bill.

"You'll get your stock certificates in a few days," advised Taylor. "I'm hopin' you'll be able to buy the other five thousand as cheap."

"What other five thousand?" demanded Prescott, annoyed by the apparent extent of Bill's knowledge.

"Well, I figger you sold short jest about nine thousand shares before you found out what the Banadium people were a-goin' to do. Mebbe President Lane of the Steel Comp'ny did say there wouldn't be any change in the dividend at the next meeting, but he didn't say anything to the papers about what might happen at the following meeting, did he?"

The colonel stirred uncomfortably.

"So you know?" he questioned sharply.

"I reckon so," smiled Bill. "Went to school with Henry Lane. Met him a while ago, and he told me about the orders from the French and British governments he expected to land. Said he wouldn't be surprised if Banadium would be able to pay seven or eight per cent. durned soon."

Prescott nodded and picked up his book.

"Good-night," he grunted, and Higgins ushered the men out.

There was an ominous silence as they resumed their places in Grimshaw's car. Taylor quietly requested Grimshaw to drive them to the Lawyers' building. The silence remained unbroken until the men were again seated around the desk in Bill's office.

Taylor took some broker's confirmations from the green baize bag and studied them for a minute.

"Boys," he announced, "our Banadium was bought at prices rangin' from 42 1-2 to 51. It averages about 46 1-2 a share. Say 47, countin' brokerage, interest an' everything. If we sold at 59 it would give each of us a profit of \$12,000, which seems to me a pretty fair return on an investment of \$10,000 for a few days. But we've sold for 69. You heard what I told the colonel about wantin' forty thousand for a hospital. Do you stand back o' me on that? Will twelve thousand satisfy ye?"

"You betcha!" agreed Weiss. "Genug is genug, und dwelve t'ousand is blenty!"

"I agree," murmured Ewing coldly.

"So do I," chimed in Grimshaw, "but——"

"Jest a minute," interrupted Bill. "We're each a-gonna take out about twelve thousand in profits, an' the remainin' forty thousand starts the Bob Prescott Hospital. I'm gonna split my twelve thousand with Ezry Bartlett, who made the hull thing possible."

"Bill Taylor," began Grimshaw sternly, "don't you think you'd better explain? Ezra's been bringing us photographs of what he declared to be sound waves representing the

word 'Buy.' They were supposed to reproduce the orders placed by Colonel Prescott, and on the strength of them we were induced to purchase the stock. To-night, however, we learn that while we were buying the stock the colonel was selling it short. What's the answer?"

"Vat's dé difference?" queried Weiss, with a nervous laugh.

Taylor smiled.

"Not satisfied, eh, boys?" he commented quietly. "I don't blame ye much. Mebbe I did kinda bamboozle ye. Y' see, when I met Henry Lane an' he tipped me off, he pledged me to keep my mouth shet. I wanted that hospital for Vincent City, an' I didn't care much how I got it. I didn't hev the capital to swing a big enough deal in Banadium to get the mōney, so I thought o' you fellers. An' I knew you wouldn't come in on it unless it looked like a purty sure thing. That's where Ezry came in. I hatched the plot with Ezry, an' he made the photographs. They are actual reproductions of sound waves representin' the words 'Buy' and 'Sell,' only the vibrations were caused by Ezry's voice, an' the pictures were really taken with apparatus right in Ezry's attic. That stuff Ezry had on the telephone wire in front of his house was mostly bunk. Ezry says ye cain't photograph sound waves off the wires with anything like accuracy—leastways not yet. But he's livin' in hopes, hain't ye, Ezry?"

"That's right," shrilled Ezra, as usual.

"Any hard feelin's, boys?" demanded Bill.

"Not me," laughed Ewing happily.

"Nor me," smiled Grimshaw.

"I should have sech a feelin' every day!" grinned Weiss.

"An' the colonel pays for the hospital," the lawyer reminded them.

"Better look out for him," cautioned Grimshaw. "He'll hate you, after what's happened to-night!"

"If ye crack a bulldog on the nose," announced Bill, gazing meditatively at the ceiling, "he may not love you, but he'll take a hell of a lot o' interest in your movements!"



The Mojave Desert

THE Mojave desert is a succession of vast plains and mountain ranges. The soil is not excessively sandy, except at few points, and could water be brought on these immense wastes they could be made literally to blossom as the rose. What convinces one of this is the fact that the desert along the railroad, having received an unusual supply of the distilled spirits of Heaven during the past season, has bloomed with amazing fertility, and the land, as far as the eye can reach, presents the aspect of a garden-bed of variegated flowers, darkly rich in their setting of emerald green. Here and there are little patches of barley, where the seed has dropped by accident. Near Fenner Station, almost the center of this desert, fifteen acres of barley are growing, showing every evidence of rapid and healthy progress. With the average rainfall of the valleys of California—eight and ten inches—this great desert could easily be made to grow the cereals. Or perhaps other means of producing artificial irrigation may be discovered that will bring under cultivation this vast area.

Apparently as indices of nature's intention oases are scattered at intervals over the desert. No lofty mountains stand near to act as receptacles and reservoirs, and whence comes the enormous flow that breaks from these desert springs is a secret for science to solve. The only reasonable theory is that they flow long distances in subterranean channels. These desert streams rise to the surface thus mysteriously and disappear in an even more incomprehensible manner. In the northern portion of this desert a stream of one thousand inches bubbles to the surface in the midst of an almost endless plain. A pool of about twenty feet in diameter is formed, and the water is thrown with such force to the surface that no living being can penetrate to any depth. Weighty iron chains float on the surface like corks.

The Mojave river, rising on the north slope of the Sierra Nevada and meandering over the desert for over one hundred miles, is finally swallowed up in a similar but more gradual manner. Nothing in the shape of the land

occurs to prevent its further progress, as its course would lead it into the famous death valley, which, like a portion of the Colorado desert, lies below the level of the sea.

At several stations along the railroad artesian water is obtained, giving color to the theory that subterranean streams and lakes are in existence. At Lucca Station, artesian water is found at a depth of two hundred and twenty-seven feet. As this is a very reasonable depth, and to dig a well would be no greater expense than to buy an irrigating head of water in the favored lands of Southern California, some enterprising Yankee will, undoubtedly, buy up this desert and lay out a large colony.

But the wisest provision of nature is found in the Colorado River. Its present use does not extend much beyond providing a channel for navigation to the interior, and, as the railroad encroaches upon its domain, its usefulness is trifling. But it cannot be doubted that it is destined to play an important part in the reclamation of our great deserts. Its waters are used by a few white ranchers and the Indians along the course of the stream. These desert agriculturists are not particularly successful, their crops being sown along the river bed, where the cost of diverting the flow of the water comes within their limited means, and two years out of three their lands are swept by the rise of the river and their products are very shortly food for fishes in the Gulf of California.

Cereals, fruits, and vegetables ripen here much earlier than in the coast climates. The soil is a rich, red clay, its composite parts including all the elements required in healthy fertilization. The banks of the Colorado are rather high, with a gradual rise of the land for several miles back. This, together with the easy descent of the stream, has always offered a serious obstacle to diverting the river upon the desert, and, if ever done, it will probably be accomplished by the Government, as private capital would prove inadequate. At some points the expense of irrigating canals would not be so great and can be attained by private enterprise.

The Fatal Betrayal

By JOHN X. BARRY

I DO not care to present dark pictures of life to my readers, but the experience of a detective runs in lights and shades, and the faithful narrator of events must present the scenes as they occur.

The following mysterious tragedy took place during the last year of my professional life in the New York police department, and as most of the actors therein are still in the land of the living, I will be compelled to give them fictitious names.

As I was strolling along Broadway one summer morning, the chief met me, and after saluting as usual, he drew me into a convenient saloon. That was before the Volstead prohibition law was enacted.

"I have a job for you, Fox," said he, "and something that you will relish, I fancy, as you can appreciate a father's feelings."

"What is it?" I asked as we took seats at a table. "I'm a father and know how much a man feels."

"Here's a letter and a photograph that will explain all."

As the chief spoke he handed me a letter bearing the Cincinnati postmark, in which the photograph of a very beautiful young woman was inclosed.

I soon became very much interested in the story related in the letter, not that it was a very uncommon one, but because I was thinking of my own beloved daughters at the same time.

The story was a very common one, indeed, and here it is:

Belle Crawford was the only daughter of a very wealthy Cincinnati merchant, and the young lady had suddenly disappeared from her father's home four months before the date of the letter.

The old gentleman and his friends could not account for the mysterious disappearance, as Belle appeared to be very happy in her father's home, where she received the attentions of numerous suitors.

Mr. Crawford sought his daughter far and

wide, employing several private detectives in the search, as well as publishing notices in the papers calling on her to return to her home.

When Belle strayed from her home she left a letter behind, in which she requested her father not to be troubled, and stating that she had merely started out to see a little of the world in her own way.

Four days before the morning on which I met the chief, Mr. Crawford received a visit from a friend who had just returned from New York City, and that friend told him he had seen Belle at a theatre, accompanied by a young man who was dressed in the height of fashion.

As the old gentleman was too sick to travel, and as he had lost faith in the Cincinnati detectives, he wrote to our chief, requesting him to put a sensible man on the track of his daughter.

That sensible man was to find out how the girl lived, who were her companions, and so on, with the view of inducing her to return to her own home, if it was found that she had fallen into evil ways.

Belle Crawford was of age; she had a small fortune, left by an aunt, under her sole control, and she was, therefore, mistress of her own actions.

My task was a delicate one, and it did not promise many startling adventures, as I supposed, but I was very much mistaken.

I commenced my search in the usual manner, by strolling along the public thoroughfares, visiting the theatres and other places of amusement, as well as the hotels and fashionable boarding-houses.

A week was passed in the search, but I could not find a single trace of the girl, whose photograph was always in my pocket.

Meeting a professional friend named Martin one day, he asked me:

"What are you up to now, old top?"

I stated the case to him, as we were confidential cronies.

"By jiminy!" said Martin, "I am on a some-

what similar lay, only I imagine—in fact, I am sure—that my girl has gone to the dogs altogether. I was just going up to the Morgue to see if I could not find her body there, as I heard of the fact that she has committed suicide. Will you come with me?"

I consented, and we were soon inside the building devoted to the unknown dead.

My friend found the girl he was in search of, and his task was almost accomplished.

As the unfortunate creature in question had no other connection with the tragedy I am describing, I will not say any more about her—for the present, at least.

Two other bodies were stretched on the tables, and one of them, in particular, attracted my attention.

It was that of a very handsome young man in the prime of life, who had been murdered on the second night before under very peculiar circumstances.

He was a conductor on one of the city lines, and he was known as John Harris.

On the night of his death he was making a down trip, when a young girl and an old gentleman got on his car in the neighborhood of Astor Place.

An observant gentleman in the car at the time noticed that the conductor started when the young lady entered the car, and that he kept his eyes fixed on her in a somewhat rude manner.

When he entered to collect his fare he addressed the young lady in courteous tones, saying:

"Pardon me, young lady, but I must be much mistaken if I am not addressing Miss——"

The observant gentleman could not catch the name uttered, as the conductor spoke in subdued tones.

"You are very much mistaken, sir," replied, the young lady, in a dignified manner.

"You will please mind your own business," said the young lady's companion, in angry tones, "and tend to collecting your fares only."

The young conductor apologized and returned to the rear platform; but he still continued to keep his eyes fixed on the young girl.

It was evident that he was very much puzzled by the meeting.

At the corner of Grand street the old gentleman motioned to stop the car; and as he passed out before the young lady, some words passed between him and the conductor.

What followed after was but the quick

work of a few moments, and yet in those few moments a human being lost his life.

There was a scuffle on the platform; the observant gentleman saw the flashing of a knife, and the conductor fell into the car, groaning:

"I am murdered! Arrest that guy—he is not an old man!"

As the wounded man spoke, he made a grab at the young woman, who was standing inside the door of the car, and he seized one of the long tresses hanging down her back.

The woman screamed, and the wounded man fell on the floor of the car, still holding the tress in his grasp.

The poor fellow never uttered another word.

The young woman made a frantic effort to tear her hair away from that grasp of death, while her companion endeavored to assist her, muttering fierce oaths.

Before any of the passengers could interfere; there was another flashing of the weapon, and the young woman was free.

The murderer and his companion then darted out of the stalled car and escaped.

The dead man still held the severed tress in his grasp.

The auburn lock was in his hand as I looked at him in the Morgue, as it was decided to leave it there until he was consigned to the grave.

On making some inquiries about John Harris, I learned that he had been on the cars about nine months.

He was a very quiet, intelligent young man, never saying much about himself or his former life, although it leaked out that he came from the West.

He commenced his railroad career as a motorman, but he was soon appointed conductor.

He had no intimate friends in the city; and there were no letters or papers found in his trunk to tell of his former connections.

I took a deep interest in that mystery of the Morgue; and I had the face of the dead man photographed. Aided by some contributions from his former fellow-workmen, we placed the remains of the murdered man in a neighboring cemetery.

I was allowed to retain possession of the severed tress.

In the meantime the police were making efforts for the capture of the old man and his young companion, but they did not succeed.

Two weeks went by, and I kept on with my search for Belle Crawford, without meeting with any success.

One morning an old gentleman entered the office while I was talking to the chief, and announced himself as Mr. Crawford, from Cincinnati.

He was in despair, and was inclined to rail at all detectives in general, and those of New York and Cincinnati in particular.

"If I were in Paris," he cried, "and this had happened, I would soon find my dear lost girl, dead or alive."

I assured him that there were mysterious events undiscovered in Paris as well as in other parts of the world, notwithstanding the fame of its detective force.

"It is very evident that your daughter has left this city, Mr. Crawford," I added, in conciliatory tones. "Can you tell me if she had any acquaintances in any other city?"

"She had no acquaintances except in her native city. Dear me, to lose my brave boy, and now my girl! Was ever an old man as much afflicted as I am."

"Your son died, I suppose?"

"No, he didn't—at least, I pray that he is not dead."

"Then may I ask you what has become of him, sir?"

"Certainly you may; and I'll forgive you for not finding Belle if you will find Jacob for me. He must be a man now."

The distressed old gentleman then told me about his son.

Jacob Crawford was twice married, and he had one son by his first wife. When that son was only a year old his mother died. In less than a year later the widower married again. His second wife was a poor, ambitious woman, without much heart.

She took a great dislike to the little boy over whom she was placed, and that dislike was intensified when a daughter was born to herself.

The second Mrs. Crawford then set about turning her husband against his son, and the domestic strife raged for some years, until young Jake was seventeen and Belle was fifteen, when the contest was brought to a termination.

The lad ran away from home, after swearing to his father that he would never darken his doors again until his stepmother was dead.

And he kept his word, as his father never saw him again.

The young man never wrote home during the years that elapsed, though his father heard from him occasionally through some of his companions.

He heard of him as a miner in California, as a boatman on the Mississippi, and as a clerk in New York City.

When his second wife died, Mr. Crawford endeavored to find his lost son, to whom he was devotedly attached, but did not succeed.

He had centred all his affections on his daughter, though he was praying at the same time that the prodigal would return.

Mr. Crawford admitted that he would have taken more earnest measures for finding his son were it not for the opposition of his daughter.

Belle inherited her mother's hatred for her half-brother, and plainly told her father that she would leave the house forever if Jake were brought back.

And now the afflicted parent had lost the daughter of his heart, as well as the boy he once loved.

I felt real pity for the old man who was thus deserted, and made up my mind to use my best endeavors in hunting for his son.

It was very evident that Jake was a proud, sensitive fellow; yet my experience told me that men of his nature were to be relied on to cheer the aged to whom they were attached.

As for the girl, I put her down as a selfish, wayward, heartless creature, who was not deserving of the least sympathy or forbearance for her cruel abandonment of her father, not to speak of her unnatural hatred for her half-brother.

As the old gentleman was in very delicate health, and as he appeared to place confidence in me, I advised him to sojourn at Long Branch, for a time, while I prosecuted my search for his lost son and daughter.

He accepted the proposition, requesting me at the same time to visit him often, and to spare no expense in my investigations.

A few weeks more went by, and still I did not make any progress, although I worked like a beaver. While thus engaged, I did not forget the mystery of the morgue, and the face of the murdered man was ever haunting me.

After a while I commenced to associate that dead man with the wandering son of the afflicted old Cincinnati, until at length the feeling grew on me that they were one and the same person.

Then I recommenced my investigations among the car conductors; I researched the trunk and the clothes left by the murdered man, and kept staring at the picture taken at the morgue.

One train of thought brought on another,

and I soon found myself asking the mental questions:

"Is it possible that the young woman in the car was Belle Crawford? Was it she who incited the murderer to commit the deed? Was the severed tress cut from her hair?"

I remembered also the words of the conductor, and they served to strengthen the theory thus evoked. But, supposing that my theory was correct, who was the murderer of the car conductor?

The dying man declared with his last gasp that the one who stabbed him was a young man.

Take it for granted that he was Belle's lover, and that she had set him against her brother, was it possible that he would commit such a terrible crime in such an open manner in order to please her?

Was it possible that the young woman would place her lover in danger of dying in the chair merely to gratify her unnatural spite? Oh, no! If my conclusions were all correct, there was something else in the background. The murderer had other reasons for putting the conductor out of the way.

When I once form a theory it has been my practice to work it out on that line without turning to the right or to the left.

I did not change my custom in the mysterious case in hand. I then set about tracking the disguised man after he left the car that fatal night.

After diligent inquiry I traced the pair to a hotel on Broadway, where they were registered as man and wife, and where they remained for the night. The man had suddenly flung aside his disguise, for he appeared as a young gentleman when he entered the hotel after the murder.

They left the hotel on the following morning, and were driven to the Jersey ferry for the purpose of taking the train for Philadelphia.

I went on to the latter city, and made all the inquiries possible. On the following day I started for Long Branch, where I found Mr. Crawford anxiously waiting.

The old gentleman was greatly excited when he drew me into his bedroom; and when I had locked the door he turned to me, saying:

"My daughter is stopping here, and is registered as a married woman. Her husband is with her."

"Did she see you?"

"No. I have kept out of her way altogether. I telegraphed to you at once, as I want you to

find out who and what the fellow is before I approach her."

"As I was in Philadelphia, I did not receive the dispatch."

"What do you propose to do now if the fellow turns out to be a crook?" I asked.

"I hardly know, indeed. Belle has a mind of her own, and she would defy me if she cared much for her husband."

"Cared much for him!" I said. "Why, I'll bet, whoever he is, that she ran away from her home with him."

The old man sighed as he asked:

"Then you think he could not have been much on that account?"

"I do not wish to pain you; but it is clear to me that, if the man was a respectable citizen, your daughter would have no reason to be ashamed to present him to you."

"I see—I see—and you are right. Dear me, what am I to do?"

The helpless old man then concluded to leave the whole affair in my hands, and agreed to remain a prisoner in his room until I had concluded my investigations.

As he had registered in the hotel under an assumed name, there was no danger of his daughter or her husband discovering him.

We sat at the window for some time, with the blinds closed, watching the guests as they strolled down to the beach.

"There they are!" said the old merchant, at length, as he pointed at a handsome pair who were walking arm in arm. "There's my Belle, and to think that I should be so near and not speak to her!"

I consoled the old man as well as I could, and then sallied out.

When I reached the beach I met a gentleman who owned a handsome villa in the neighborhood, and who was very highly esteemed in commercial circles of New York City.

As I had had several transactions with Mr. Osgood, we were on very intimate terms, and he addressed me at once, taking my arm at the same time.

"You are just the man I wanted to see," he said; "I think I have a neat job in hand for you."

"But I am down here on business," I protested.

"Then you must combine business with pleasure. Do you know that young fellow?" And he pointed out the young man who was walking with the old merchant's runaway daughter.

"Why do you ask?" I asked.

"Because I have a very good reason for knowing him. It strikes me that I met him out in California, but he denies that he was ever there. I may be mistaken, however."

"But surely you could recognize your man," I said. "That young man, with his very smooth face and mustache, cannot be traveling in disguise."

"He is not disguised now—that is, he does not wear a false beard. If he is the man I take him for, he did wear one when I last met him."

"Where was that?"

"Forty miles outside of San Francisco, on the night when the mail train was robbed, and the express safe broken open."

"Do you imagine that he was one of the thieves, then?"

"I do. You know I never forget a voice. I am very much mistaken if that is not the man who held a revolver to my head as he ordered me to give up my cash." Mr. Osgood saw that his words made an impression on me, and he continued: "Now, I want you to assist me in working the fellow. I have invited him and his wife to a reception at the villa to-night, and—"

"Where do they hail from?" I interrupted.

"From Cincinnati. The fellow is not so young as he appears at a distance; and that is another reason why I think he may be the man I take him to be."

"How did you get acquainted with him?"

"Through his wife. She is a charming creature, and became acquainted with my wife. Will you come and make one of us at the villa to-night? You know you are welcome, anyhow."

I accepted the invitation.

I will not attempt to describe the brilliant reception at the villa, as my business was to watch Richard Dunston and his beautiful young wife.

While the young woman was as gay as a lark throughout the whole evening, I could see that her companion was silent and nervous.

Changing my plan of work, I did not seek to get introduced to the pair, contenting myself with watching them closely without attracting their attention.

When the guests were retiring at an early hour in the morning, the young woman went into one of the sitting rooms to arrange her hat before a mirror over the fireplace and her companion followed.

"Did I not look splendid to-night, Tom?" she remarked, as she stood looking into the

mirror. "Mrs. Osgood would not believe that these beautiful tresses were natural. You know that they are all my own, except the one you cut away so unmercifully—"

"For heaven's sake, Belle," said the man, in nervous tones, "don't speak of that; and remember to call me Richard."

"Oh, pshaw! there's no one here listening. You are afraid of your own shadow."

"I am afraid, for I have good reason to be. I am watched. I feel it in my bones. I feel as there were a pair of suspicious eyes on me all night. Belle, we must get away to Europe as soon as possible."

As I did not wish to make a scene in my friend's house, I followed the pair to the hotel. When they reached the hallway, the man said to his wife:

"You go up to bed, as I feel like taking a stroll on the beach alone."

The wife tripped up the stairs, and the man went out on the beach.

I followed him.

He did not appear to notice that I was following, yet I was on my guard, and my hand was on my automatic.

When he reached a lonely spot I quickened my pace, and as I drew near him on the soft sand I cried:

"Hold on there, Mr. Dunston, and throw up your hands—you are my prisoner."

The fellow turned and fired at me as quick as lightning, the ball cutting away a piece of my coat-sleeve.

Before he could fire again I let fly, and my ball struck him. The next moment I had him handcuffed.

Three days after, a broken-down old man and a young woman left Long Branch for the West.

The young woman was in charge of two strong female nurses, as she was a raving maniac.

The man whom I had shot was her husband. His real name was Thomas Harris.

He had been a gambler in Cincinnati, a train robber in California, and a murderer in New York, as we made him admit.

From Belle's ravings it appeared that her half-brother, the unfortunate car conductor, had known the crook in California, and had recognized him as he was passing out of the car on that eventful night.

The young man attempted to arrest him when he saw him with his half-sister—then a scuffle ensued. The evidence adduced convicted Harris.

Current News

AUSTRALIA'S TALLEST TREES

The tallest of California's "big trees" is 325 feet in height, but among the great trees of Australia many specimens are more than 400 feet in height, and one which was felled in southeast Australia measured 471 feet—the tallest tree on record.

23,154 WORDS ON A POSTAL CARD

Marcel Mauvais sent to La Nature (Paris) an ordinary postcard on which he had written 23,154 words, with a total of 125,000 letters. It is quite legible even to the naked eye. The average book has about 300 words to the page, so this postcard represents about seventy-seven pages.

FIND RUINS OF GREAT TEMPLE

Ruins of a great temple have been unearthed at Sikyon, a city on the southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth, which in the Fourth century before the Christian era was one of the principal cities of Greece. The foundations and pillars would seem to indicate the temple was built by the Dorians.

WAY TO MAKE A THUMB

Surgeons in Paris have found a method of remedying the loss of a thumb. They take one of the patient's big toes and graft it on the hand.

The operation is in two parts, because when a toe is entirely severed grafting is not always successful. Half of a toe is now severed and grafted and after a fortnight the rest of the toe is cut off and grafted upon the first half.

BURGLAR FRIGHTENED BY MUSICAL BRACELET

It was a curious old bracelet which frightened away a burglar who entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Richardson of Newcastle-on-Tyne. In gathering up the jewelry in the Richardson bedroom the burglar happened to pick up this valuable old bracelet, the

clasp of which was contrived so as to give forth a musical sound when closed. Mrs. Richardson was aroused from her sleep by the musical bracelet and called to her husband, who chased the burglar from the house.

HEARD DEAD MOTHER'S CALL

The dead body of a Swiss girl named Cartier was found in the Alpine torrent above Louesche-les-Bains, Canton of Valais, near where her mother had been accidentally drowned two months ago.

The girl left a note for her father stating that for several nights she had heard distinctly her mother's voice calling to come, and she "must go."

FIRST GUM CHEWERS

The Aztecs of Mexico are said to have been the first gum chewers known. The followers of Cortez reported that the Indians chewed a gum to quench thirst and relieve exhaustion. They obtained it from the sapote tree by tapping, and to-day the manner of gathering the sap is in close analogy to the process of gathering maple sugar in New England. The tree is indigenous to the northern countries of South America, and especially Mexico, the last named furnishing about six-sevenths of the entire supply consumed annually in the United States.

WHAT RATS DO

Experts have estimated that one rat will consume forty to fifty pounds of food in a year. It has also been figured that it requires the continuous work of about 150,000 men with farms, agricultural implements, and other equipments to supply the foodstuffs destroyed annually by rats in the United States. In addition, rats destroy other property, mainly of agricultural origin, the production of which requires the work of about 50,000 men. This gives a total of 200,000 men whose economic output is devoted solely to feeding and otherwise providing for rats.

ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM"

The origin of "Uncle Sam" as the personification of the United States was as follows: "Samuel Wilson, commonly called 'Uncle Sam,' was an inspector at Troy, N. Y., of beef and pork, purchased for the government, after the declaration of war against Great Britain, in 1812. A contractor named Elbert Anderson bought a quantity of provisions, and the barrels were marked 'E. A.,' the initials of his name, and 'U. S.,' for United States. The latter initials puzzled Wilson's workmen, who inquired what they meant. A wag answered: 'I don't know, unless they mean 'Uncle Sam.''" A large amount of goods afterward passed through Wilson's hands marked in the same way, and he was rallied on the extent of his possessions. The joke spread, and soon the initials of the United States were taken to mean 'Uncle Sam.'"

PRICELESS WEIGHTS FOUND

What is regarded as an important historic find has just been made in the discovery of the original set of standard weights and measures of Fairfax County in the Town Hall at Alexandria, Va. The set is complete, and consists of a yardstick, weights from 1 and 100 pounds and measures of all capacities, both dry and wet. All are of solid brass and are inscribed "Fairfax County, 144."

The implements have been in the Town Hall for a long time, but it was only recently that they were cleaned and the inscription discovered.

An expert from the Department of Agriculture who examined the set states that they are the only complete set of Colonial weights in the United States, and as such are priceless. At the time they were made Alexandria was the county seat of Fairfax County. When Alexandria was ceded to the District of Columbia Fairfax Courthouse was made the county seat.

ANTS THAT PLANT

A species of ants living on the semiarid plains of Texas cultivate acres of grass about their dwellings. On the cultivated space which may have an area of 10 to 15 feet, only one kind of grass is allowed to grow, and it is said that the seeds of this grass are planted by the ants. Roads are laid out regularly, radiating from the ant hill across the plain, and all shoots of undesirable plants are

promptly nibbled off as fast as they appear among the crops. When the harvest of the protected grass is ripe, the ants collect the seeds and convey them along a radiating highway to the little rooms in their hills. Interesting and wonderful as is the economy of these ants, the insects may, when colonists are large enough, and numerous enough, do considerable damage to a grain field in which their mounds are reared and clearings made.

RESPIRATION 350 A MINUTE

Trouesart, of the Paris Museum of Natural History, has pointed out that the dog, whose respirations in repose number only twenty-five or thirty a minute, may in running acquire a rate of respiration as high as 350 a minute. The effect of this acceleration favors the dissipation of animal heat by evaporation from the pulmonary vesicles.

The dog perspires very little or not at all by the skin, pulmonary taking the place of cutaneous transpiration. It is this fact that enables the dog to pursue its game so long and persistently. Animals of the cat family, on the other hand, do not possess this peculiarity, and for that reason tigers, panthers and lions lie in wait for their prey, but do not pursue it over long distances. The bird possesses pulmonary transpiration in a very high degree.

PET CAT IS BURIED IN PLUSH COFFIN

"Tiger," the pet cat which Edward Haskell of 634 Madison Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J., wished to bury in Evergreen Cemetery, was interred under a big oak in Haskell's back yard with about fifty friends attending the ceremony.

The cat was embalmed and placed in a plush coffin of the couch type, so that it appeared to be sleeping comfortably on its side. The body was placed in the front room of the Haskell home and 200 persons visited the house to see the unusual honor paid a cat. "Tiger" was the pet of Haskell's late wife and he wanted to bury it in the \$10,000 mausoleum erected to hold Mrs. Haskell's coffin.

When the grave was dug under the oak tree the cat was carried out by an undertaker, Haskell following as chief mourner, attended by some of his friends. The little coffin was lowered into the grave and covered, and that part of the Haskell place will be kept as a memorial cemetery for "Tiger."

ALLIGATORS IN LAKE FRIGHTENED BATHERS

This is a story which the remedy proved almost worse than the disease. But at last F. M. Cowell, manager of the Hotel Longue Vue, in Broadway, between Yonkers and Hastings, has solved his problem by simply fencing it off.

There is a lake which the diners may overlook while eating at the hotel. The body of shimmering silver under moonlight is 200 by 50 feet. This little lake has been the source of attraction to moonlight devotees for some time, but the other day objections began to pour in on Mr. Cowell. Bathers were roiling the water, and how can muddy water be romantic.

Mr. Cowell solved the bathing end of his problem by bringing two large alligators from Florida. The bathers abandoned the lake waters to the exclusive use of the alligators. But the massive creatures from Florida were not content and soon new complaints rolled in. This time they were to the effect that the alligators were roaming the Yonkers golf links. How can a person putt calmly with alligators as an audience and swallowing stray balls on occasion.

Unable to keep the alligators confined, Mr. Cowell has decided to keep them at all costs. A fence is now being built around the lake to keep out the bathers and keep in the alligators.

NEW YORK CITY BIGGER THAN "GREATER LONDON"

New York has a valid claim against London for classification as the largest city in the world, according to the National Geographic Society. Discussing the recent announcement of the British census that "Greater London" has now a population of 7,471,688 persons, a society bulletin to-day questioned the right of London city proper to claim all that population, and suggested that New York's 5,620,048 souls, actually within one municipal unit, under one municipal government, may make it the largest.

Legally, as a municipal unit, London "refers only to the area within the boundaries of the county of London," the bulletin asserted. Only Greater London's figures are carried in the despatches, but at the rate of growth they indicate London proper still is under the 5,000,000 mark. The "Greater London" which has nearly 7,500,000 people has an existence

as a metropolitan and police unit. Its population is distributed over 93 square miles, an area six times that of municipal London, and more than twice that of municipal New York.

New York, modelled on the "Greater London" lines, taking in all suburban cities within a fifteen mile radius from the city center, as the English capital does, with New Jersey towns included, would pass London's population well within a like area, the bulletin asserts.

NIGHT CROP GROWING A SUCCESS

The man who had his hen house equipped with electric lights to fool his hens into thinking it was another day, thereby getting them into the habit of laying more eggs, has nothing on the German experimenters who have been using the same means to get more out of their vegetable patches. The experiments were tried first during the war, because of the need of food of all kinds, but the scientific papers are just now telling something of the results.

The best results, it is stated, were gained in the fields of tomatoes and gherkins. The fields were wired and great lamps were turned on, turning night into day. The experiments were under the direction of the Horticultural Institute of Berlin-Dahlen, and they were closely watched by the professors. The fields were worked by the students.

It is now stated officially that the effect of illuminating the fields was almost startling. The tomatoes grew larger and more rapidly under the influence of the light, where before there had been darkness, and the yield was 40 per cent. more than under natural conditions. With the gherkins similar results were obtained, and it is claimed the vines produced more in number. The total yield of gherkins in the illuminated area was 41 per cent. above what had heretofore been considered normal.

These results are particularly interesting to some electricians, who have long contended that electricity applied directly to the ground would produce more vegetables because of the heat engendered if for no other reason. Such experiments were conducted some years ago with excellent results. Other experiments combining the two are to be made. That is, the plants are to be given light at night and at the same time be given whatever benefit there is in electricity passing through the ground.

TAKE NOTICE!

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. Here are the latest numbers:

- NO.
- 42 "Sanctuary," by William Hamilton Osborne.
 - 43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by Charles F. Oursler.
 - 44 "The Sign of the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
 - 45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
 - 46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
 - 47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
 - 48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
 - 49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
 - 50 "The \$200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
 - 51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
 - 52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura Reid Montgomery.
 - 53 "The Blackjack," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.
 - 54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
 - 55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by Beulah Poynter.
 - 56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by Ethel Rosemon.
 - 57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
 - 58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by William Hamilton Osborne.
 - 59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by Caroline Bingold.
 - 60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
 - 61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
 - 62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
 - 63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by Chas. F. Oursler.
 - 64 "The Scheme of Solomon Snare," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.
 - 65 "Quicker Than the Eye," by Ralph Cummins.
 - 66 "The Clue in the Dark Room," by Hamilton Craigie.
 - 67 "The Tongue of Oshis," by Marc Edmund Jones.
 - 68 "Detective Wade's Big Case," by Ethel Rosemon.
 - 69 "The Spirit Bell," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
 - 70 "The House Behind the Wall," by Julian Darrow.
 - 71 "The Admiral's Spoons," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.
 - 72 "The Canine Clue," by Thos. J. Lally.
 - 73 "The Psychic Enemy," by Arthur Wm. Andreen.
 - 74 "The Wonder Girl," by Ralph Cummins.
 - 75 "On the Wrong Trail," by Ethel Rosemon.
 - 76 "The Spirit Witness," by Chas. F. Oursler.
 - 77 "The Little White Room," by Marc Edmund Jones.
 - 78 "The Stolen Year," by Edmund Elliot.
 - 79 "The Affair at Hollywood House," by William Kofod.
 - 80 "A Keyless Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie.
 - 81 "Professor Sain," by Charles Fulton Oursler.
 - 82 "Who Killed McNally?" by Beulah Poynter.
 - 83 "The Clue of the Whorl," by Katherine Stagg.
 - 84 "The 'Czar' and the Ring," by Edmund Elliot.
 - 85 "A Clue of Flame," by Jack Bechdolt.
 - 86 "The Face in the Crowd," by Marc Edmund Jones.
 - 87 "The Man in Room No. 7," by Chas. F. Oursler.
 - 88 "Four Ten-Dollar Bills," by Henry G. Howland.
 - 89 "A Challenge to Power," by Dr. Harry Enton.
 - 90 "The House Next Door," by Police Captain Howard.
 - 91 "The Trance Detective," by Chas. F. Oursler.
 - 92 "Friday at Twelve," by Katherine Stagg.
 - 93 "By the Left Hand," by Hamilton Craigie.
 - 94 "The Melody of Death," by Jack Bechdolt.

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In India a regular article of food is the flowers of the bassia or mowra tree, of which the inhabitants of the central provinces consume about eighty pounds apiece every year.

The flowers have a thick, juicy, globe-shaped corolla of a pale cream color, inclosed at the base in a velvety, chocolate-colored stem. The corollas fall in the early hours of the morning and are collected by women and children. They are spread out to dry on mats in the sun, when they wither to half their weight and develop a brownish-red color. A tree will yield 200 to 300 pounds of flowers in a year.

When fresh the flowers are extremely sweet, with a peculiar pungent flavor and a characteristic color. When dry the peculiar pungent flavor is very noticeable if the stamens are removed, and the flavor then resembles that of figs. The flowers are eaten either fresh or dried, and cooked in many different ways, with rice, shredded cocoanut or flour.

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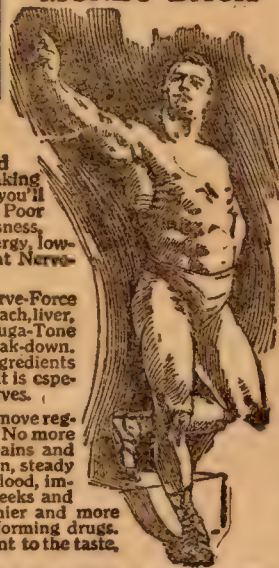
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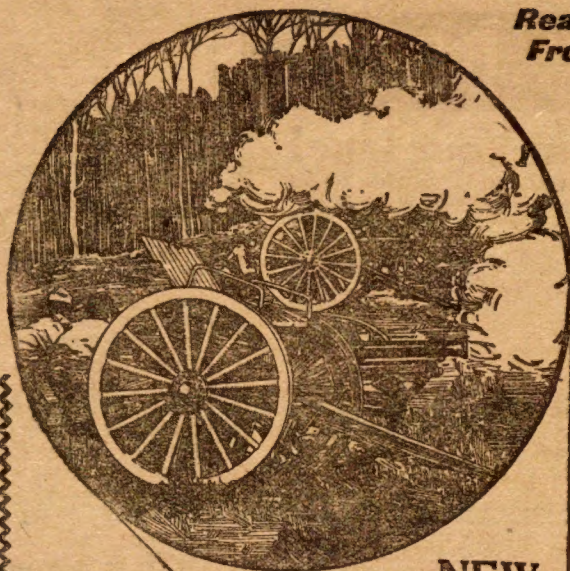
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The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for home outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.

How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as "Betsey Ross Making the First American Flag," "Washington at Home," "Battle of Lake Erie," etc. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 40-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$8.00. Send the \$8.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

50,000 of these machines have made 50,000 boys happy. Answer at once. Be the first in your town to get one.

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,

615 W. 43d Street, Dept. 220, New York

**PLEASE
USE
COUPON**

Read These Letters From Happy Boys:

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a candy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 54 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

Sold His for \$10.00 and Ordered Another

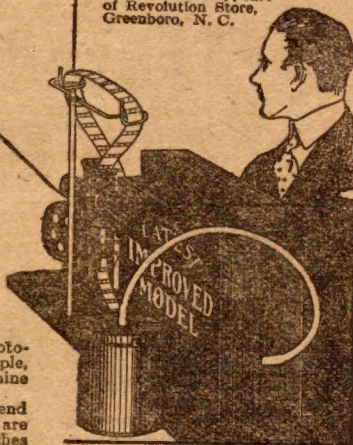
Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ebereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

Would Not Give Away for \$25.00

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for \$25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Breaky, Jeanesville, Pa. Box 24.

Better Than a \$12.00 Machine

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.



MINING TOWNS ABANDONED.

Inactivity of the copper mining industry has caused the practical desertion of the populations from the towns of Cobar and Broken Hills, N. S. W. At one time Cobar boasted a population of several thousand people. Now it is but a collection of bare shacks, with its people gone.

Broken Hills, another mining town that in its heyday had a population of 50,000, is also desolate. Early in 1919, when the town's products were selling at high figures, the miners struck and remained out two years, during which time the bottom fell from the metal markets. When the miners were ready to return to work, the operators found they could work the mines only at a loss.

Owners of the mines told the men of their problem and offered to work the properties, without profit, for the sake of the miners, if the men would take wage reductions of 20 per cent. The men voted down the proposals. It was charged that a gang of radicals led in the movement to defeat the return to work.

Free Coupon

Good for Moving Picture Offer

Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

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615 W. 43d St., Dept. 220, New York

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